CH 29 — APR. 4, 1980

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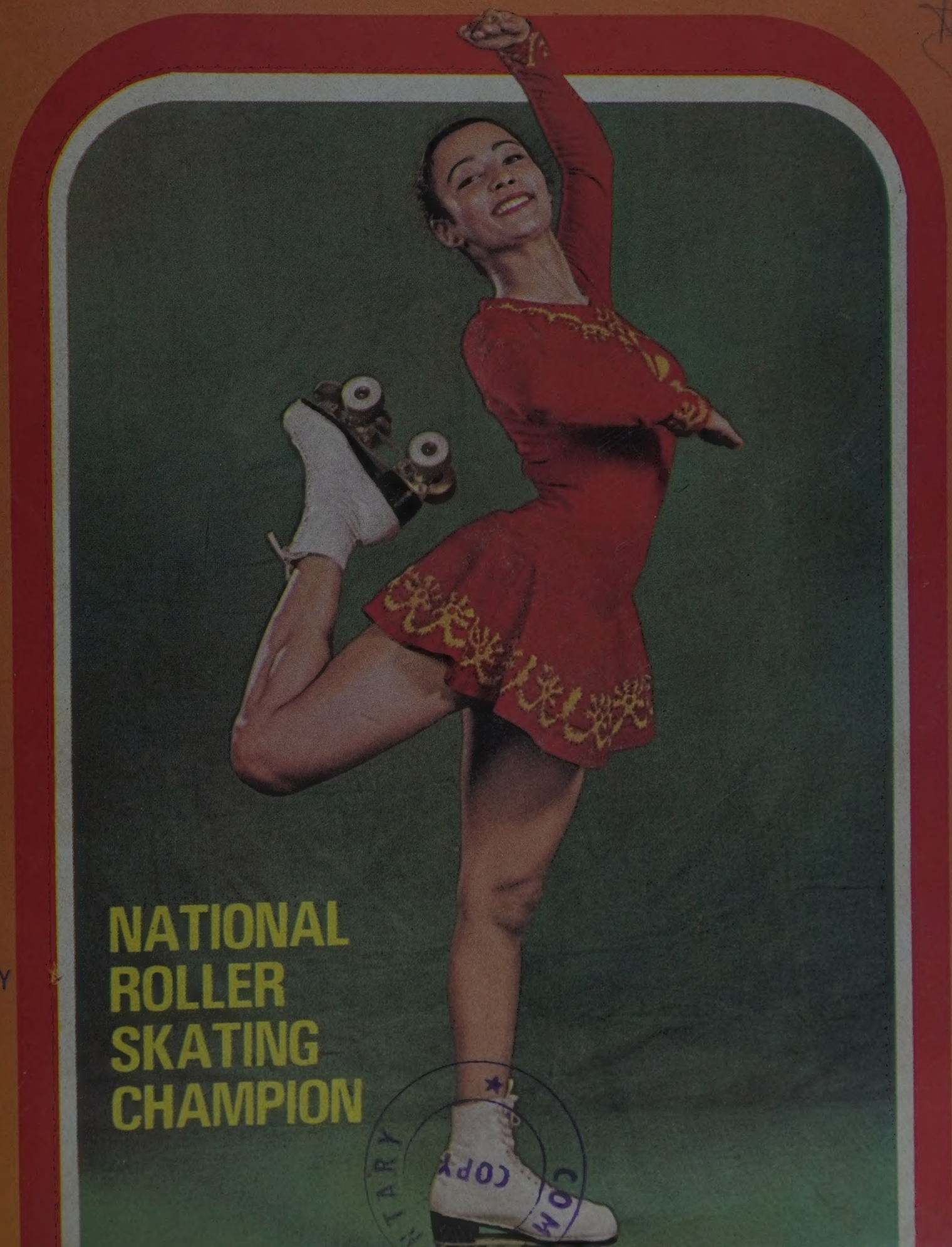
EVE'S WEEKLY



NATIONAL ROLLER SKATING CHAMPION

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TEACHING ART TO CHILDREN THE CREATIVE WAY

THE DOWRY EVIL: WHY THE CUSTOM PREVAILS DESPITE SO MUCH TALK AGAINST IT AND LAWS FORBIDDING I

DEEPTI NAV THE GIRL WHO REFUS "SISTER" ROLES AND BECAME A STAR

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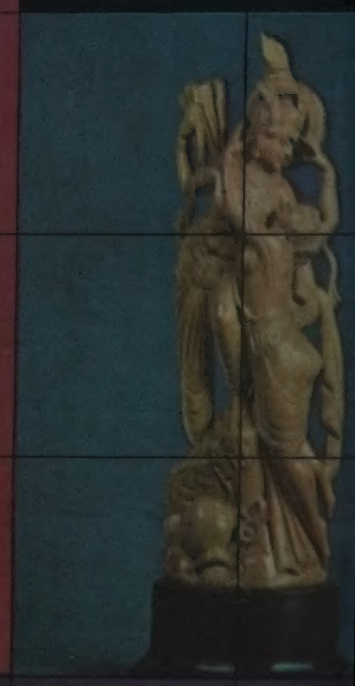

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eve's weekly

VOL. XXXIV NO. 13 BOMBAY MAR. 29 — APR. 4, 1980

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See page 23
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THIS WEEK

DOWRY — NO END IN SIGHT

Loud rhetoric and prohibitory legislation have hardly had even a peripheral effect on this social evil. The how and why of it.
Page 11

MIGRATORY LABOUR

Women seeking work flock to the cities to work in the construction industry, and because they are migratory, they are the least organised and therefore the most exploited. A survey of their present condition.
Page 15

SOPHIA LOREN

The second instalment of excerpts from her autobiography "Living and Loving" covering the years which saw her launched on her glittering screen career.
Page 18

TEACHING ART TO CHILDREN

A committed artist who understands children condemns the conventional methods of teaching children, especially teaching art, which kills their joy in living and learning and stunts their creativity.
Page 37

ALSO

Artist of the Month: Lalitha Lajmi — **Page 14,** The National Roller Skate Champion, Smita Sheth — **Page 23,** Batik Artist — **Page 36,** My Own Write — **Page 47,** Flight Kitchen: Supplying food for passengers in flight, and Water, "Protect or Perish" — **Page 48,** Women in Sports — **Page 50.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your page/**7,** Readers' Voice/**9,** Film Star/**21,** Short Story/**26,** Fashion/**28,** Heart to Heart/**31,** Cookery,/**33** People Known and Unknown/**39,** Jokes and Comics/**41,** Passing Through: Susan Holden/**42,** Hi Ya Honey/**45,** Frankly Speaking/**49,** People and Events/**52,** This Week For You/**54.**

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

DID YOU MISS IT?

Much has been written and said about the solar eclipse of 16th February. I did not come across a single journal which had not published an article on the spectacular celestial drama to be viewed on the clear skies of India. There was suppressed tension and bubbling excitement not only among the scientists who were conducting various experiments but also among the laymen. Yet, when the great event of the century did occur, there were hardly any people to enjoy its spectacular beauty and grandeur. What was most amazing was the fact that even educated people, living in big metropolitan cities, chose to remain indoors and the signs of self-imposed curfew were seen throughout the country.

Not so long ago, it was the Skylab scare and now it was the Eclipse scare. Will the Indian people ever learn not to panic and is it not the responsibility of the media to make sure that the people are not misguided? In this instance, it was not so much the mythological superstition as the contradictory reports about the dangers of viewing the eclipse, which caused the scare among the masses.

Many of those who dared to brave the warnings and witnessed the eclipse with adequate optical precautions will agree that they will cherish the memory of the sheer beauty and magnificence of the spectacular cosmic drama for as long as they live. As for the others, they have certainly missed a rare opportunity which isn't likely to be repeated for a long time to come.

RITA VERMA,
Secunderabad

Perhaps the media did make "much ado", but not warning the public enough would have been equally remiss. You must remember that the greater percentage of our people are naive, uneducated and unsophisticated and cannot be expected to exercise the correct judgement on occasions like these. It was even found that many people used "adequate optical precautions" which were not really adequate. And, anyway, Bombay TV did a pretty good job of bringing the eclipse into the home!

2nd PRIZE

BRAINWASHED PUPPETS

Is it not paradoxical that we talk of equality of the sexes on one hand and blindly follow the sayings of Manu, even so many centuries later? A girl is unable to assert herself while under her parents' protection because she should always bear in mind what her future in-laws and husband expect of her, which is, to put it in simple language, "submission to their dictates and wishes". Needless to say, she grows up with this idea in mind and a fear of their 'censorship' on whatever she says or does. Once married, she automatically chooses to play a secondary role, all her aspirations and ambitions, if they exist, recede with the partner and in-laws. One fine day she notices that she has been doing nothing worthwhile and suddenly realises that it is too late to think of any departure from the normal routine of cooking and looking after the house. With the result, again, there is suppression of talent which never comes even to the surface. In old age, dependence on the offspring makes her lead a vegetable life to her last days.

This makes me wonder: what is it that prevents us from asserting ourselves, is it the brainwashing during childhood that one experiences?

N. MEERA REGHAVENDRA RAO, Madras

Yes, it is — and the continued brainwashing thereafter. But now, the situation is changing somewhat, although the goal is yet far away. Women, at least in urban societies, are beginning to assert themselves and are questioning age-old taboos and restraints.

3rd PRIZE

A HASTY DECISION?

From the time the world began, people socialized and got married. After that, the next thing on the priority list was to reproduce. Children were considered God's gift to man. But now family planning restricts production to two kids. Every woman is supposed to have a craving to become a mother. So I was quite shocked when I learned from a friend that she wanted to be sterilized. She is 23 years of age with a long life ahead of her. She is unmarried but living with her boyfriend. She states that she never wants to be married and if she does get married she would never like to be a mother. No amount of arguing could change her mind. I feel that although she may not realise it now, she is sure to regret this decision in the years to come. Will she still feel the same after ten or twenty years? She won't be able to retrace her steps, should she then desire to be a mother. What if she meets a man whom she wants to marry, and he wants a family. Won't she be lonely in her old age and crave for someone of her own? She seems happy now but only time will tell the wisdom of her step.

MISS K. DASTOOR,
Bombay

This is what we mean by "liberation" — the right to choose what you want to do with yourself, your body, your life. As you say, it could be that she is making a mistake, that she'll be sorry. So what? It is her mistake, it will be her repentance. No one has a right to tell her what to do, particularly since her decision is not going to hurt anyone.

BETWEEN IDEALS

It was shocking to hear that recently about fifteen teenage Britains of Indian origin committed suicide in West London, as a result of an East-West clash of cultural beliefs. People cannot, and should not, cling to ancestral beliefs and traditions especially when they migrate to a foreign land. We should adapt and keep up with the changing times and not be bogged down by old ideas. Let us retain the good by all means but also let us adapt to the situation. These teenagers, mostly girls, torn by Western ideas outside and different values at home, are often driven to despair and suicide. Precious lives would have been saved if the parents had either stuck to India and its traditions or allowed their children to follow the norms of their adopted country.

VEENA ADIGE,
Nagpur

It is unfortunate that these youngsters growing up in a Western milieu, speaking, behaving, even thinking in Western terms are suddenly expected to revert to a culture and a tradition they are barely acquainted with. If only these parents would realise the folly of their attitudes, before it becomes too late.

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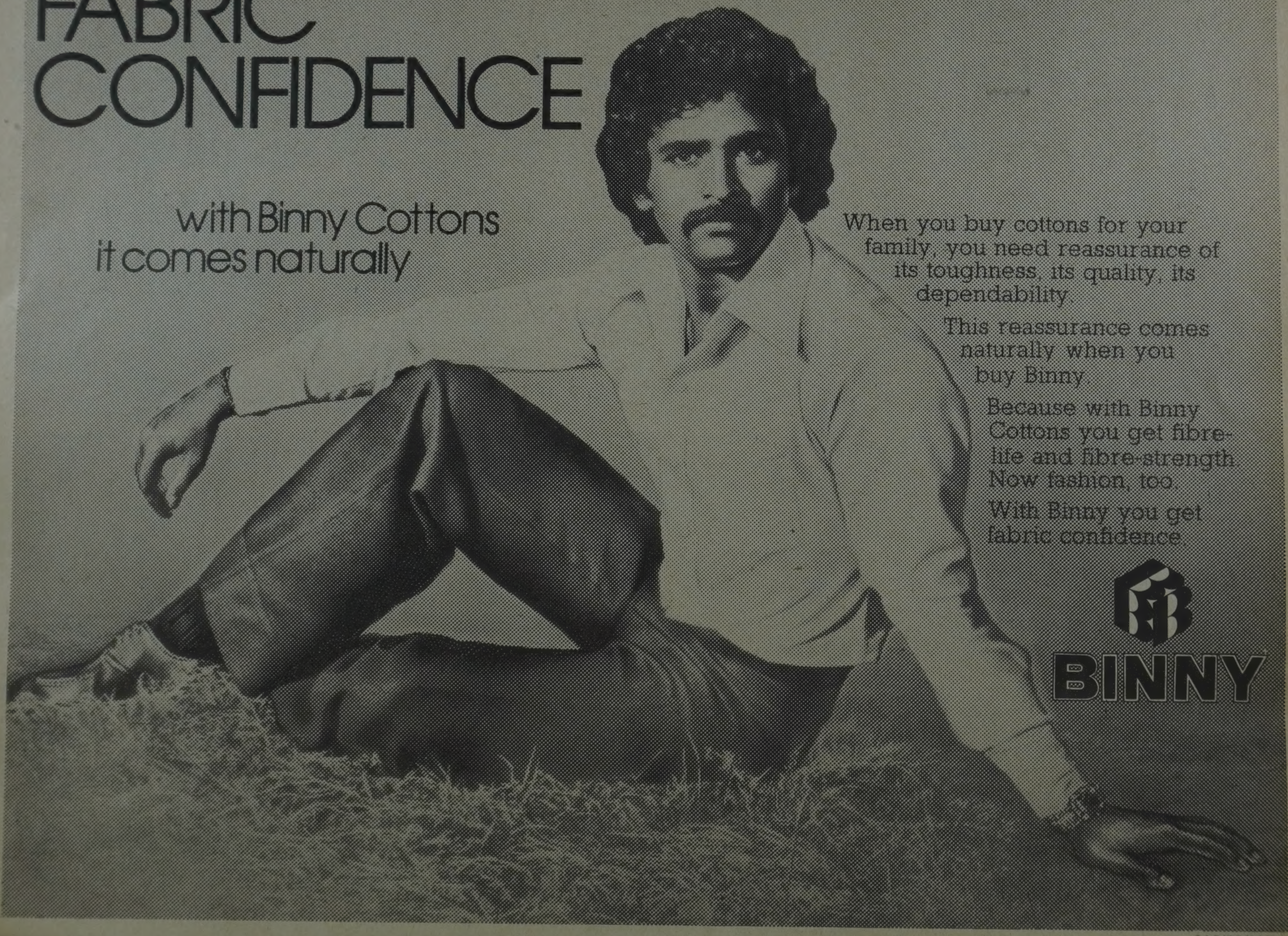

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

GUJARATI FILMS

Ila Pathak deserves kudos for her intelligent survey of the state of the Gujarati press in modern times in her article "Beating Dead Issues and Trumpeting Lost Causes" (Feb. 9). What she has written about Gujarati journals applies equally to Gujarati films, the quality of which their names themselves, suggest — "Dikri Ne Gay Dore Tyan Jaye", "Parki Thapan", etc. Not that the other regional films are much better. Even in Hindi and several South Indian films the same traditional image of women is portrayed on the screen over and over again.

An exception to this is to be found in Bengali films. Sometime back, I saw a film named "Streer Patra" (Wife's Letter) based on a story by Rabindranath Tagore, wherein a wife quits the shackles of her husband's joint family because an orphan girl who had come to seek shelter in the family was so unsympathetically treated as to be driven to commit suicide. It was a touching depiction of one woman's protest against the ill-treatment meted out to another person of her sex. Why can't other regional films follow the example of such films and improve their quality and honesty of approach?

DR. USHA PADIYAR
Baroda

MINI MEDIA

The article "Mags Are a Drag" (February 16) did arouse interest because the topic of children's magazines has not received much attention in India.

However, this article seems somewhat out-dated. During last year, there have been many changes in "Bal Vihar". Amar Chitra Katha comics have been added; there is only one subject displayed on the cover and it is generally topical, and the quality of illustrations has improved. Mrs. Aruna Sheth, the previous editor, has been interviewed although I have been the editor since November 15, 1978.

Could you send me Ms. Amita Sarwal's address so that I can send her some of the recent issues of "Bal Vihar"? I would welcome her criticisms on the same.

MAYA MALANI, Editor, Bal Vihar

HYSTERECTOMY

Ms. Marianna Pinto's article on Hysterectomy (Feb. 23) was enlightening, informative and has high educational value. However, a statement like — "hospitals employ social workers who arrange mainly for funds to meet the expenses if the patients are unable to bear them" should have been verified before it was published.

As medical social workers in a municipal hospital, my colleagues and I were disheartened to see our role being reduced to that of almoners, because we certainly do much more than distribute alms to needy patients.

The existence of medical social workers in hospitals is evidence of the rcognition of the psycho-social aspects of health. Being trained professionally, we strive to rehabilitate patients suffering from physical or mental illness so as to render the medical treatment effective and complete. Apart from arranging for financial and material aid for the extremely needy patients, our job includes orienting and counselling patients about the treatment and follow up, motivating and preparing them for surgery or other forms of therapy.

The patient and his family also receive immense emotional support from us to cope with the illness. Unfortunately, our activities in these spheres are not generally known. However, the results can be seen in the changed attitudes of the patients and their adjustment to life.

LEONIE D'MELLO
Bombay

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF APRIL 5

HOLIDAY RESORTS IN THE HILLS:

Travel writers Hugh and Colleen Gantzer tell you where to go and how.

"WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO BE...":

The ambitions children nurse.

GANAPATIPULE, ABODE OF GANESH:

A rural beauty spot by the sea which is also a pilgrimage centre and will shortly be a tourist resort.

SOPHIA LOREN:

Third instalment of excerpts from her autobiography.

RECENT MARRIAGES IN CALCUTTA:

A survey of the changes in social attitudes to marriage.

FASHIONS:

Fashion show of an exciting range of natty sports wear for men and women.

CONSUMERISM:

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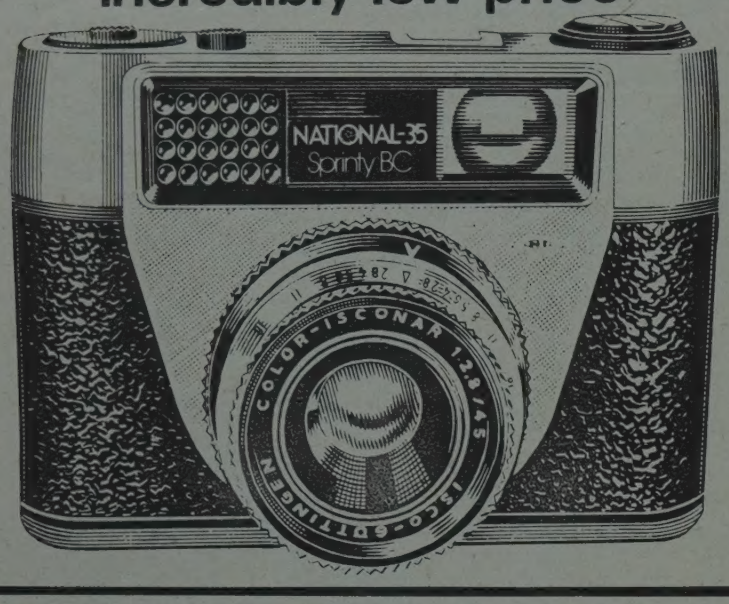

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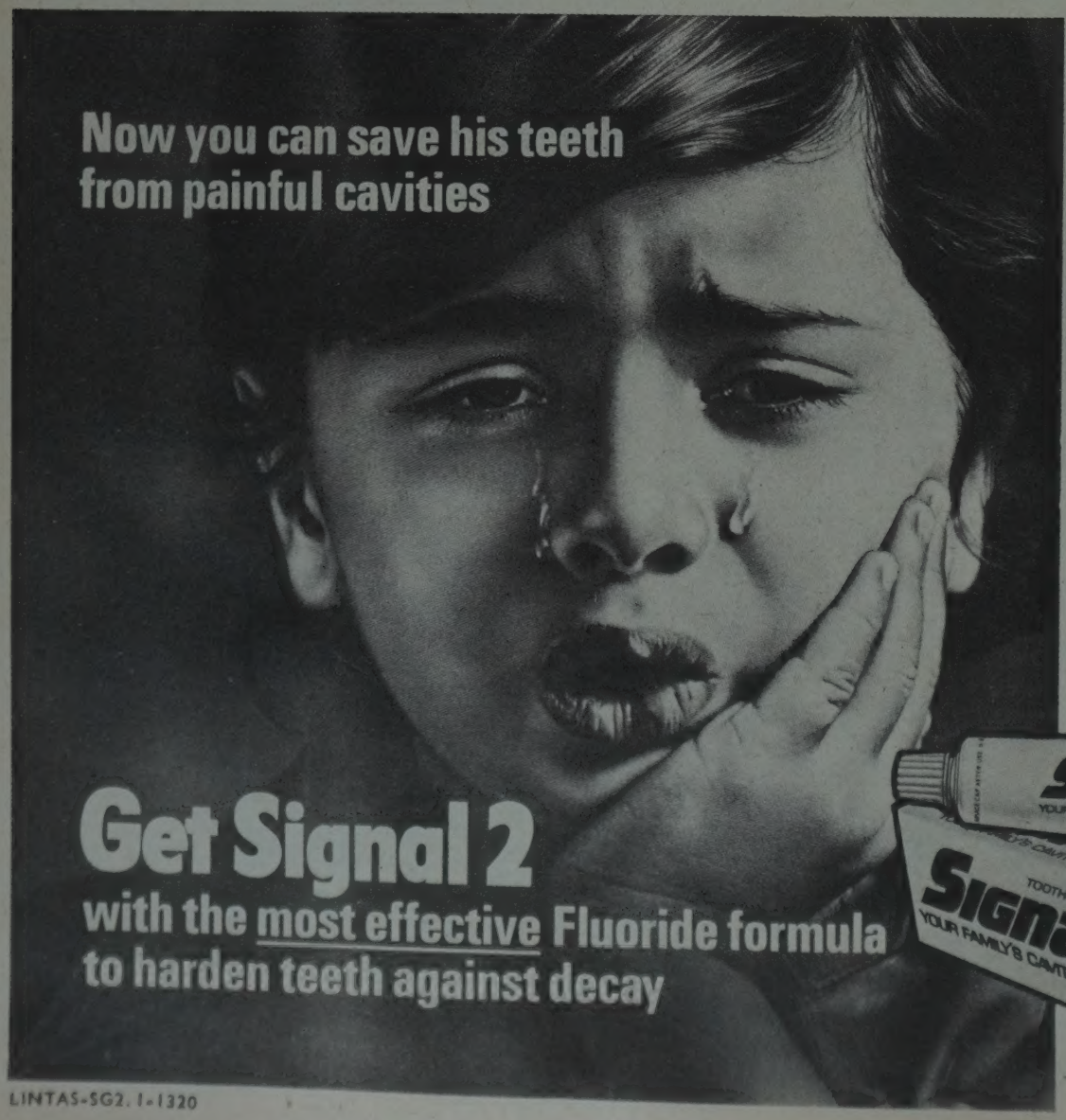

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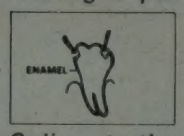

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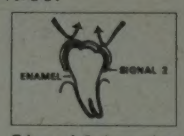

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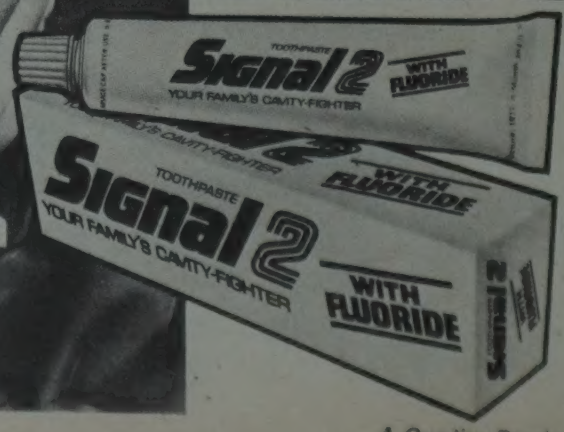

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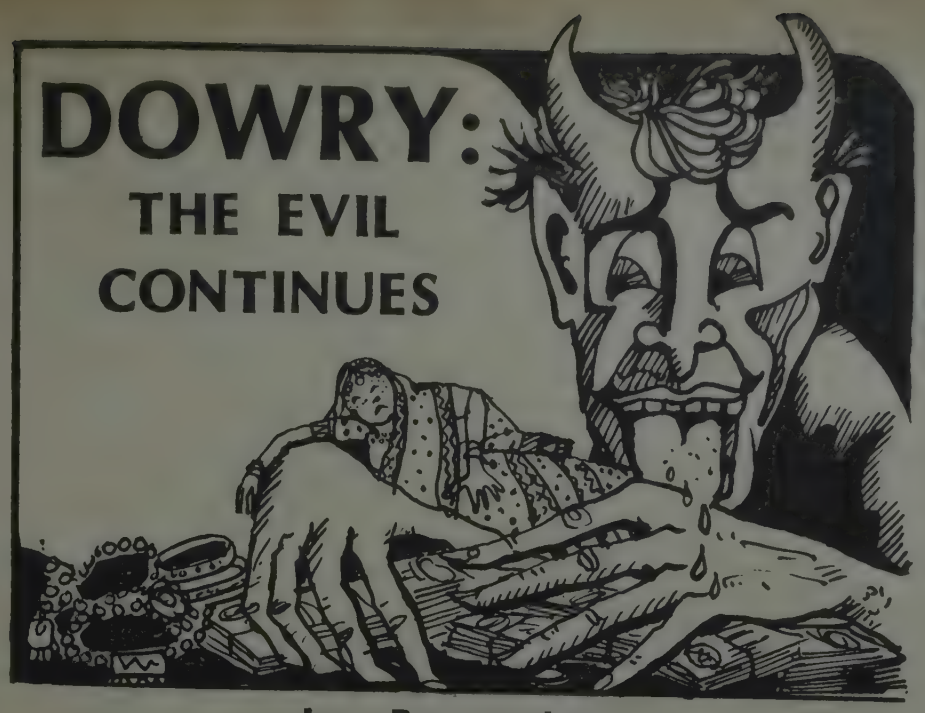

Jaya Ramanathan

HUMILIATED AND BETRAYED, WOMEN ARE NOT ABLE TO GET OVER THE FEELING THAT THEY ARE NOT GOOD ENOUGH AS PERSONS BUT HAVE TO BE SUPPLEMENTED WITH HARD CASH

"My second daughter's wedding expenses were something colossal." With that, Mr. Iyer, a recently retired executive of a multinational firm, but still residing in the luxurious flat on Napean Sea Road, belonging to the firm, began his woeful narration. "My elder daughter was married ten years back while I was one of the top executives in Bombay and I was able to give her the best of everything — a five-star hotel wedding, a flat on Cuffe Parade complete with household equipment jewellery, fabulous sarees, everything my status demanded. Of course. I had saved and prepared for the day and with my regular monthly income and practically everything paid for by the company I did not feel the pinch much. But during the last ten years inflation has been absolutely unprecedented and despite all my foresight I am almost broke after this second wedding. Naturally she had to be given all that her sister had been given, in addition to which I had to give a car (albeit second hand). The wedding itself cost three times what it did a decade back and over and above all is the gloomy fact that I am no longer in service and will have to live on the little savings now left with me."

Mr. Iyer will soon have to vacate the three-bedroom "office flat" he is now occupying. Earlier he had planned to acquire a flat in the same locality, albeit a little smaller, but now with his depleted resources and the prohibitive cost of flats, he has settled for a 700 sq. feet flat in a remote suburb of Bombay. The sacrifice he has made is also made by most other parent in order to get their daughters married.

Dowry has been looked upon as the middle class father's cross sanctified by custom, tradition and family prestige. For this purpose parents not only spend all their life's savings but even borrow heavily and spend the rest of their life repaying the heavy debts incurred.

But then all the expenditure is not always compulsory. For some of the affluent parents, who not only have wealth but also want to display it, the ceremony is an occasion for vulgar display of their opulence and one upmanship, where the bride's jewellery seems more a burden than an ornament, where the trousseau would fill a shop, and other gifts include all the furniture her future house can hold, plus the status symbols of the day like air conditioners, refrigerators, television sets and what have you.

"Let no one say I did not give my daughter the very best," "She must continue to live in the style and comfort she has been accustomed to all along," are the excuses trotted out in defence of this conspicuous spending.

But in this era of militant feminism and the battle for liberation from anachronistic and humiliating customs, dowry is an insult to womanhood. Yet it persists — despite public condemnation and legislation rendering both the acceptance and the offer of dowry a cognizable offence.

Of all kinds of transactions, the dowry is unique in that it is the only cash transaction where you pay a heavy price not to possess something new but to get rid of what you have! It is the price a father pays to give away his daughter! The parents who have brought her up with such tender care and pride are forced to scrutinise the matrimonial market for a son-in-law. And when they find one suitable — educated, well mannered, of good upbringing and tolerable appearance — the father goes about negotiating with the boy's parents, fulfilling their desires and requirements. And their needs escalate as their son's eligibility increases in the marriage market.

A rather specious argument in favour of the dowry is, "After all, the boy's father has spent so much on his education, it is only fair that a part of the amount should be made good by the parents of the girl who will share his prosperity." But this commercial argument is not even logical. Marriage is not a business partnership. And apart from this, today, girls are equally well educated and the process is as expensive as educating boys, and the modern girl need not be a parasite on her husband. She too can earn. And more often than not, the dowry is frittered away on flashy clothes, presents to relatives and transportation for all who make up the "baraat."

Mr. Patel, a highly successful businessman recently got his son, an only child, married. The bride has brought with her all the household paraphernalia although the Patels had all these already. What was the point of such duplication?

"Well, her father wished to give them to her, we did not ask for it. So why should she be deprived of what is rightfully hers just because she is coming into a house that is already well equipped?" countered the self-righteous Mr. Patel.

Today, while we speak of the enlightened families of the cities, the enlightenment has not extended to forgoing dowry. On the other hand, the specifications have multiplied. It is not enough that the girl be above average in looks and accomplished in the traditional accomplishments like housekeeping and fine arts, but she must have a minimum level of education and be fit for employment, and not merely dowry, but a multiplicity of other things — scooter, household goods, radio if not T.V., etc.

"We will do all within our power and means to ensure our daughters are comfortable," says Mrs. Hira, mother of two daughters and wife of an executive in a public sector undertaking. Ensuring comfort seems to include diamonds and ornaments of over 75 sovereigns for each daughter, the mother contributing half of her own jewellery. The amazing part is that the girls themselves expect all this, and already, with no definite wedding plans afoot yet, they have begun to divide the family possessions between them!

Equally down to earth is Viju Sarpeshkar, a post graduate student. "My brother found a girl for himself and married her with no dowry, my father was very annoyed and said he had been exploited," she said without batting an eyelid.

What has Viju's prospective bridegroom to look forward to?

"Well a house definitely, perhaps worth two lakhs and..."

And how does she feel about accepting all this from her parents?

"I will take it with pleasure: no point in being impractical and consequently less comfortable," was her glib reply. Moreover, she feels there is no sacrifice involved for her parents in giving her an extensive dowry.

"They are equally well prepared for my dowry as well as their retirement."

This may be so with Viju's parents, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Most well-to-do parents, despite all their planning, are unable to cope with the exorbitant demands of their prospective son-in-law and they can only meet them by cruel self-denial.

Arati Luthra, another student, however, is an idealist and rigid in her convictions. "My sister was given a big dowry by my parents and hers was an arranged marriage, but I will not take a thing and I hope to marry a boy who does not

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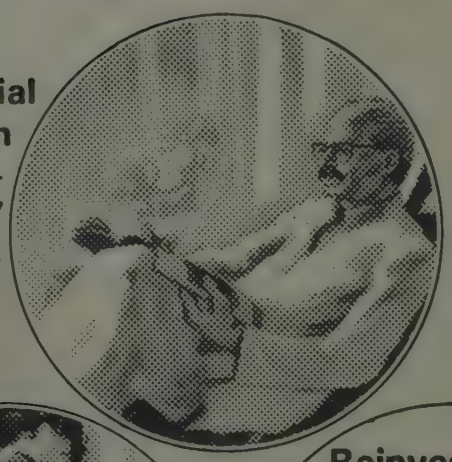

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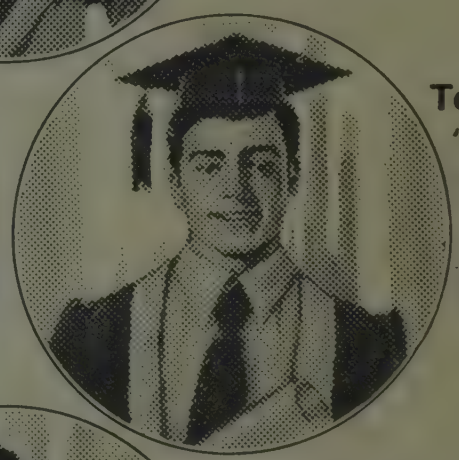

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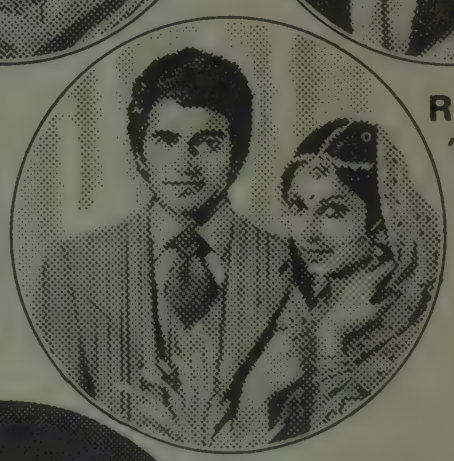

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DOWRY: THE EVIL CONTINUES

believe in dowries and other demands."

But enmeshed as we are in the web of custom, the few radicals have even their ideals misunderstood. When a woman journalist made it known at a family gathering that she would refuse any kind of dowry at her son's wedding, she was immediately admonished, "Don't ever say you will take a daughter-in-law with no dowry, people will think there is something wrong with your son!"

"Failing all other methods of persuasion, our parents, especially our mothers, resort to emotional blackmail," contends Ramani, a student of Sociology. 'How can your principles be more important than our wishes?' they ask. 'Just consider all we have done for you. Our family status is at stake when you threaten to bring home a girl without a dowry.' What can a son do?"

If the girl too has the same views, she is kept in ignorance of the "transaction." When Meenakshi was married 15 years back (feminist views had still to penetrate the subcontinent then) her only condition was that no cash dowry should be paid. Her father led her to believe none was being given, but she learnt that a large sum was to change hands and was aghast, but it was too late to call off the event. Her father's only explanation was, "This is between me and your father-in-law. Your husband is in no way involved and you will only make your life ahead miserable if you persist in harping on the subject."

"I felt humiliated and betrayed and to this day I am not able to get over the feeling that I was not good enough as a person but had to be supplemented with hard cash," recalls Meenakshi.

Of course the main reason for dowry continuing is the stark fact that a girl has to live with her husband and possibly with her in-laws and that no dowry or inadequate dowry will guarantee her a miserable existence, if not a fiery death.

Mr. Ram, Marketing Manager of a pharmaceutical firm, with no children of his own, last year married off his divorced sister's daughter. "We gave a substantial cash dowry in addition to the trousseau," he said. "Much more than the wildest expectations of the 'sambandhi.' We did not want anyone to feel (including the girl's mother) that we were denying the girl her due because she was not our own daughter."

Sometimes this anxiety to do one's daughter or niece proud proves counter-productive. The Anands from Kerala got their only daughter married to a boy in Bombay with such pomp and splendour that for days after the event it was the talk of the town. The bridegroom's people began wondering. Had they perhaps underestimated the prosperity of the bride's family and asked for too little? So they demanded that the five-star hotel reception bill ostensibly hosted by them should be paid by the bride's father! Mr. Anand, who had already considerably exceeded his budget, was shattered by this shameless display of greed, but had no option but to foot the bill.

Another shameful aspect of dowry is that it is pitched according to a girl's plus and minus points. For instance, a young girl of my acquaintance, inflicted and maimed by polio since childhood but educated and self-supporting found no one willing to marry her till her father offered a car as part of the dowry. Within months the girl was married.

An engineer in one of the smaller towns down South, for whom money was the sole purpose of existence, received a proposal for marriage from a rich family. His father, however, heard that the girl was of "easy morals," so, to compensate, he demanded the cash amount be doubled. Through the sum was well within his means, the girl's father realised that to pay up would mean acceptance of the rumours about his daughter's reputation, so he called off the alliance. Later, the groom was heard to lament, "Thanks to my father I lost a bonanza, why couldn't he just have asked for more money without mentioning her morals?"

Where is all this going to ultimately end? Apart from the legislation banning dowries, religious leaders too have spoken out against this social evil labelling it "an outrage on women," but nothing has changed tangibly so far.

The giving and taking of dowry has become so much a part of our social mores that when boys and girls rebel against the system their parents are baffled. They have been so conditioned to give and take dowry that when their children object, they feel betrayed and exposed to ridicule. Especially, in the case of daughters, this may well invite social obloquy. How could any daughter be so callous to her parents' position in society they feel. And as few children are strong minded enough to resist such parental pressure, it looks as if dowry will be with us for a long time to come.

The young people I spoke to had various suggestions to offer to overcome this evil of dowry.

"Within a few generations it will disappear," optimistically asserted Uday Mohan. "I think ours is the first generation to feel strongly about it and it will be eased out in due course."

"Boys and girls can do a lot to abolish this system," Meera is sure. "Why don't they, after their betrothal get together and thrash it out?"

At best this "getting together and thrashing it out" is only possible among the more progressive families, but seldom in arranged marriages, and as such it is hardly a solution to the problem.

The only participant in the marriage process (girl, boy, her parents, his parents) who can effectively bring about the extinction of dowry is perhaps the boy himself. The others are ineffective for various reasons — the girl is still dominated by her parents to voice opinions effectively, her parents fear social ostracism if they refuse to give a dowry and his parents have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the dowry system. So only the boy can take a firm stand in the matter and refuse to accept anything from his bride's people.

So the only hope for ending this vicious insult to womanhood and source of so much misery rests on our educated, progressive boys. And example in these matters is so much more effective than legislation and rhetoric.

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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

LALITHA LAJMI

STARK AND DISTURBING

Malati Jaikumar

Painting that is truly significant often probes the innermost emotions of the painter and lays bare the soul of the artist on the canvas. Lalitha Lajmi's paintings are a stark portrayal of all her innermost fears and phobias, emotions and experiences. Her paintings are not pretty pictures that give momentary pleasure or mere visual satisfaction. They are dark heavy canvases that arrest the attention, disturb the viewer and set one thinking.

A self-taught painter, Lalitha has very little formal training. She did a stint of commercial art but her paintings evolve out of her own emotional conflicts. Her very first show which was in Bombay in 1961, turned out to be a great financial success and many of her pictures were sold. After this, Lalitha has had solo and group exhibitions practically every two or three years. Till '69 she painted mostly landscapes and figures but then a change set in.

She rebelled against conventional painting and began to experiment with abstractions. By this time she had already entered the painting scene with solo exhibitions in Bombay in '64, '66, '69, '72, '74 and group exhibitions in '66 at Max Muller Bhavan, Poona, Pundole Gallery and the American Centre, Bombay in '68 and at the Sarla Art Centre, Madras in '69.

She also took part in group shows abroad in Halle and Berlin, East Germany in '70 and more significantly in an exhibition of paintings called "25 years of Independence among Indian Painters," in Halle in '72.

Lalitha then went through a series of compositions based on circles and then proceeded to a series of "Moving Squares" ('74). It was about this time that she also came closer to the theatre. Here, it would be of interest to note that Lalitha comes from a family of artistes in various spheres. Her elder brother was Guru Dutt — a name associated with classic Hindi films and good acting. Shyam Benegal is her cousin and her parents have both earned a name for themselves in their respective fields of literature.

In 1972 Lalitha designed the costumes for the first play produced by Amol Palekar's theatre group.

This drew her attention to masks, and then began a series of etchings of masks for a period of two years. From masks she went on to drawing heads and from heads to bodies.

Her recent paintings are all "the result of a lot of psychoanalysis and reading a lot of Freud," she says. "I was a very shy person and never spoke much with anybody. Just imagine, I was teaching in a school for seven years and in all those years I never spoke to any of the other teachers." But psychoanalysis has changed all that, and she is now a normal, friendly and quite gregarious, person.

But the traumas of an introvert, the pain and isolation of an anguished soul cannot be just wiped off by psychoanalysis without leaving some sort of impression. So it is that her theme is mainly the sense of alienation, of isolation even in a crowd — a sense of non-communication.

All her figures, both men and women are naked, stripped of any vestige of covering up or a false front. Yet the face is always painted a lighter colour or a different shade, that reiterates the idea of masks: "There

Continued on page 49

ABOVE: "Confrontation"

LEFT: "Man and Woman"

THE EXPLOITATION OF MIGRANT WOMEN LABOURERS

Neerja Chowdhury

EMPLOYMENT ON THE MANY CONSTRUCTION SITES IN OUR CITIES DRAWS THE RURAL POOR TO WORK FOR CONTRACTORS WHO EXPLOIT THEM SHAMEFULLY BY CIRCUMVENTING WHAT LITTLE LEGISLATION THERE IS TO PROTECT THEM

It is one more building going up, its concrete shape and steel sinews reaching up to the sky — yet another symbol of our progress. But down below at its base is a toddler, his ankle tied to a rickety scaffolding pole; he is pot bellied, with matted hair and running nose, spotted with sores and trailing green diahrroea. His mother Sushila is unloading basket loads of cement from a truck which plies up and down the construction site with building materials.

Twisted steel rods lie around, a solitary stone crusher churns away, the occasional yells of workmen drowning its drone. Infants wrapped in rags are dumped on sand heaps while their parents work. Older children run around the site fending for themselves. The sight is no different from one that meets the eye at any construction activity in a metropolitan city of India. Except that this is going to be the new building to house the Research and Analysis Wing of the Government of India, another symbol of a modern State holding promise for the future. But nobody knows whether that toddler with his ankle tied to a piece of scaffolding will live to see that tomorrow. His three-year-old sister Premvati died not long ago. Undernourished and weakened by constant bouts of illness, she just did not have the resistance to survive an attack of pneumonia. With potable water available at very few sites, almost all children suffer from — and many succumb to — acute gastro-enteritis. Only half the children of construction workers survive the harsh environment in which they have to grow up. Infant mortality rate among them is as high as 55 percent — compared to the national average of 14 percent.

The construction sites in our cities are tied up with our rural poverty and unemployment. Construction workers comprise agricultural communities — largely landless labourers and marginal farmers — who pour into the cities in search of work. Sushila, her husband, and their three young children have had to come to Delhi from Mahoba in Madhya Pradesh because of severe drought conditions. "But even when there is no drought we have to come in search of work every year," she replied while carrying her headload. "There's land for people like you," she added cynically, "but not for us."

Once they arrive in cities they are employed by building contractors who reserve the right to hire and fire them as and when they like. They are paid daily wages; most stay on a site anything from three days to three months in makeshift huts of tin and tarpaulin. Even during this period they are not guaranteed continuous employment.

"For a week now I have been sitting idle," complained Ram Kali dressed in what must have once been a green saree but

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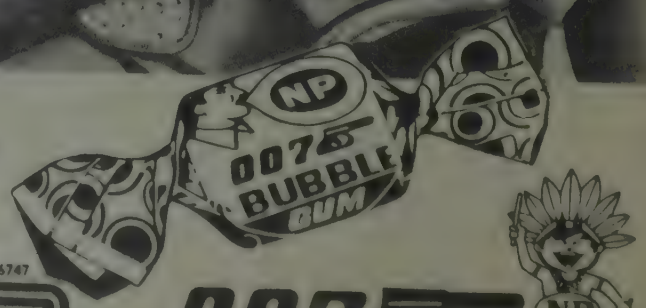

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007 BUBBLE GUM

AN NP

THE EXPLOITATION OF MIGRANT WOMEN LABOURERS

which looked grey now. "We have to manage with what my husband earns, which is Rs. 6 a day." He works at the Ashok Yatri Nivas or Janata Hotel coming up at New Delhi's fashionable Janpath. They have four children. "How can we feed six mouths with that amount?" wailed Ram Kali.

They have been brought from Hamirpur district of Madhya Pradesh by a "jamadar," a sort of middleman who hires labour from the villages and brings them to construction sites in the cities. He is the one who supervises their work, disburses payments, gives loans like an official bank when families are in need. For his services he deducts a commission which is roughly 50 paise from their daily wages.

Ratan Lal the jamadar, appeared in no time, certainly looking more prosperous in his cream coloured kurta and shawl than those he had brought with him. His hut is bigger and of better materials. Some jamadars ever own motor cycles.

Ram Kali looks to Ratan Lal for work — as do the others. There is a sense of helplessness about them. Poverty and illiteracy have knocked out all individual volition in these people. Individual decision, they feel, does not count.

At harvest time Ram Kali would like to return to her village, Kabrai. Though her emotional ties with the village remain unbroken this is not the case with her children. A migrant way of life is taking the heaviest toll of these children in every way. Their parents were brought up in a rural setting where the climate was healthier. Even in poverty they were able to afford a diet of coarse grains, ghee, jaggery and vegetables. Today in the cities, with spiralling prices, their children have to make do with roti and chutney. Consequently, physically they are not as hardy as their parents. It is feared that at this rate their working life will end at the age of 35 or 40. What happens to them then?

Emotionally too, they suffer from lack of attention of their mothers. Burdened with heavy work like mixing wet concrete or unloading trucks of bricks and doing household chores, Ram Kali or Sushila have no time for the children who are dumped in the care of slightly older brothers and sisters. Often even the minimum cleaning or feeding of the child does not take place. He spends his childhood on a rubble heap. As he grows up he may take to gambling and crime.

Theirs is a sense of rootlessness, of not belonging. There is no work for them in the villages; the cities use them and discard them. A Bombay Municipal hospital in fact refused to admit an injured construction worker "because he is not a resident of the city." Civic authorities wash their hands off any responsibility by saying that these people do not come under the jurisdiction. Their mobility prevents their children from making use of the existing school system in the cities. They are not even able to learn any vocational skills which would improve their lot. And any attempts to organise or unionise them are thwarted by the fact that they are forced to a migrant way of life.

"We don't want them in the cities," many politicians say conveniently. "They should stay behind in the villages." But the fact is that they are here. We are using them. They are responsible for our schools, dams, factories roads, our whole infra-structure of which we are so proud. There are 2.5 lakhs of migrant labour in Delhi alone; nationwide their number is estimated to be over ten million. In fact, after agriculture the construction industry is the largest employer of manpower in the country. And 80 percent of the building activity is done by Government.

Laws exist providing amenities for these people — but only on paper. Firstly, the laws themselves — the Contract Labour Act of 1970 and the Inter State Migrant Labour Act, 1979 — have been framed without sufficient understanding of the realities of the situation. As a result the protection offered is half hearted and open to evasion. Secondly, there is total indifference about the implementation of these laws.

For instance, under the law, a contractor has to provide a creche on a site where he employs 20 or more working— mothers. Many contractors find a way around the law by employing 19 at a time. In any case, the provision on creches has been framed with no insight into the problems of children who move every few months with their parents. It is not a matter of merely teaching them tables but of understanding their psychology. And the contractor has neither the time nor the inclination to go into it. Voluntary organisations like the Mobile Creche are doing laudable work in this field by running creches and balwadis for children on construction sites but despite the dedication of their workers they are only able to cater to 1600 children in the Capital. The Department of Social Welfare has to look at this problem in its entirety.

Making both the contractor and the employer responsible for providing basic amenities has resulted in neither being accountable. Furthermore, the law completely ignores the basic problem of securing a minimum number of working days for contract labour when the project is to last for a long time.

At the heart of the whole problem lies the question of migrancy. "The casual nature of the work is caused partly by the fact that the construction industry is badly planned," saying Devika Singh, head of Mobile Creches, whose ten-year-old work of providing flexible and non-formal education to children of migrant labour is "only peripheral to a massive problem."

It is true that jamadars exploit the illiterate labourers; it is undisputed that contractors and employers do not fulfil their legal obligations. "But beyond the contractor and the jamadar I would put the blame on society," commented 40-year-old Ms Singh. "It's a convenient way for society to keep these people moving, keep them on daily wages, get construction work done as fast as possible with the least amount of social cost."

Unless remedial decisions are taken at the political and legislative levels, the situation is not likely to improve. Meanwhile, yet another generation of migrant children is being prepared to become the illiterate, cheap labour of tomorrow's India without possessing their parents' sturdiness.

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PART TWO

I do not recall how Sarah Spain came into my life, but she was a linguistic angel with a soft Irish face who by prodding, wheedling, and bullying taught me to speak English. Very early every morning, Sarah came with me to the set of "Lucky to Be a Woman", and for two hours before makeup, we would study English. And all day long, every minute I had free, between takes, during lunch, on the way home, Sarah Spain would hammer English into me. On days off she never left my side. Total immersion, and she taught me as a parrot, but with an emphasis on grammer and comprehension. I knew a little French from school but not a word of English. Happily, I discovered that I had a good ear and an aptitude for language. That helped, but Carlo moved too fast for me. While I was still trying to make phrases like "Please pass the butter", and "November is a month for overcoats." sound more like English than like broken Italian, Carlo informed me that he had concluded a deal with the American producer-director Stanley Kramer for me to co-star in a huge period film, "The Pride and the Passion", that was about to start shooting in Spain. When I heard the names of my co-stars I almost passed out — Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra.

I, little Sofia Scicolone, was to play opposite two of those romantic figures of my Pozzuoli dreams, in an English-speaking, multi-million-dollar spectacle film — but (alas, reality!) at the same time, here was Sarah Spain berating me, scolding me, warning me that my English couldn't even be understood by sympathetic Italians on Mulberry Street.

I worked even harder. Sarah made me read T. S. Eliot and Bernard Shaw aloud, and my pronunciation benefited. I also benefited in other ways from the books suggested by Carlo and Basilio which I was beginning to read. At that time, most of the books I read were in Italian, but later, as my facility with English improved, I started to read books in English as well. As I previously said, I had never before read any literature. During my school days, the nuns would only allow us to read the pedagogical volumes approved by the church's pedants.

Now, however, I began to discover the treasures buried in those books by Chekhov and

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Tolstoy, Baudelaire and Stendhal, Shaw and Dickens. I started to keep a notebook in which I recorded sentences from the books which I found particularly enlightening; observations that affected my view of life and people. I have never stopped writing in that notebook which I have in front of me now. Unfortunately, I seldom wrote down the author's name, just the quote. At random: "Self-justification is very common to people who have a troubled conscience, or to those who look for a philosophic reason to justify their failures in life." Also, "Her bad thoughts shone around her head like a black halo," and "Science is the most beautiful woman the most important woman and the most necessary woman in the life of a man — she has always been and always will be the supreme manifestation of love, and with her, and only with her alone, man will conquer nature and himself." Observations like that opened areas of reflection for me that were new and exciting. And I was never again able to look at the Mona Lisa with a straight face after reading, "Ah, yes, the Mona Lisa, that smile she has on her face, it looks to me like the smile of a woman who at that particular moment has just finished eating her own husband for breakfast."

It was a bursting time for me. I was simultaneously learning English, learning to read literature, learning the intricacies and refinements of being a good movie actress, and learning how to relate to a man. I was also filled with awe and trepidation at the prospect of performing in a multi-million-dollar American movie with two of Hollywood's glossiest superstars.

What I didn't know at the time was that Carlo and Kramer were faced with large obstacles to overcome before I could join the cast. First of all, the producing company, United Artists, wanted a star name for the part, not me, and secondly, Cary Grant, who had contractual cast approval, also was not in favour of playing opposite an unknown Italian girl who was still wet behind the ears. United Artists made an attempt to get Ava Gardner but she was committed to another film. So were the other stars whom they sought. But Kramer had seen "Woman of the River" and he kept the pressure on United Artists to let him have his way. Finally, they gave in.

As I recall, Cary Grant was still reluctant.

Stanley Kramer gave an elaborate cocktail party to commemorate the start of the film, and that's where Cary and I first met, I can't recall ever being as nervous as I was preparing for that event. I changed my dress a half dozen times. I knew that only English would be spoken and that, despite Sarah Spain's heroics, I was still a long way from fluent. Also, the very thought of having to face the judgement of Cary Grant — Cary Grant, for God's sake! — who had performed with most of the world's most glamorous screen actresses — well, the thought itself was paralyzing.

I had never been to an American-style cocktail party. Italian producers occasionally (but not often) sponsored a polite little

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gathering, but nothing like the lavish affair staged for "The Pride and the Passion," with scores of reporters and photographers who had been flown to Spain especially for the event. I recall being introduced to the American columnist Leonard Lyons and another American writer, Joe Hyams, and to Donald Zec, who was a London journalist. They asked me questions which I partly understood, but it was a struggle for me to express myself in adequate English. And there was no one to interpret Italian.

Cary Grant arrived late, and Sinatra even later. When Cary and I were introduced by Stanley Kramer, Cary joked around with my name. "How do you do, Miss Lolloloren, or is it Lorenigida? Ah, you Italian actresses, I can never get your names straight." He exuded charm, and he was even more handsome and debonair than he appeared on the screen. I immediately felt at ease with him and after a few minutes of lively banter, I could tell from the look in his eyes that I had passed muster.

While we were talking, Sinatra arrived and Kramer brought him over. Standing there with Cary Grant on one side of me and Frank Sinatra on the other, I said to myself, It's not possible that this is happening to me but to somebody else and I am having this dream and watching it happen. Again as always, I was looking at myself from the outside, my nose pressed against the glass.

"The Pride and the Passion" was a long and arduous movie, plagued with problems and delays. We were in a remote part of Spain for a good six months, during which time the artificiality of the super-star image wore off and I got to know Cary and Frank quite well. Especially Cary. We liked each other from the very first, and in that remote setting, with all our languid time, we were constantly in each other's company. And such wonderful company Cary was! I was fascinated with him, with his warmth, affection, intelligence, and his wonderfully dry, mischievous sense of humour. I had never met a man remotely like Cary before, and for him, I was a Neapolitan first.

In the beginning he was very reserved with me, and if our talk turned to something sad or introspective he would try to make a joke out of it, to keep it from touching him. But more and more he confided in me and trusted me. There were patches of self-doubt in him which he disclosed — with reluctance, but needfully. He was deeply disturbed over the fact that he had never had a really sustained relationship in his life. He talked about his early life in London, his struggles, and the three women he had been married to, but when he got too close to his center, he would put up the mask he hid behind and turn to joking.

At first I was puzzled by the way he hopped from one foot to the other, but as I got to know him I began to realize that he had an inner conflict of wanting to be open and honest and direct, and yet not make himself vulnerable. Of course, one cannot have it both ways. And slowly, as our relationship grew and his trust in me grew, he came to realize that trust and vulnerability went hand in hand; when his trust was strong enough, he no longer bothered with his mask. And I was just as open and trusting with him. He told me about his early life, and I told him about mine; and we found a bond in their emotional similarities. We saw each other every night; we dined in romantic little restaurants on craggy hilltops to the accompaniment of flamenco guitars, drank the good Spanish wine and laughed and were serious and confessional and conspiratorial.

And we fell in love.

But I was also in love with Carlo. How could it be possible? In love with two men? Well, it was, and I was very confused. Carlo was an enigma. He was still as solidly entrenched in his marriage as he ever was, and there was no sign that he intended to give up his wife and children for me. I could hear Mammina's words, "Wait around for him and you will wind up an old maid lighting candles." In a way, though, I sympathized with Carlo: it is not easy for a man to renounce his family, especially when the children are young. But my sympathy was intellectual, not visceral. In my heart, I wanted him to discard everything for me. I did not want to be an undeclared mistress, or any kind of mistress, no matter how much he meant to me. My whole sense of being rebelled at this role. I wanted the legitimacy I had sought all through my girlhood.

And now here was Cary Grant, ready to renounce everything for me. Wanting me with no strings attached. . .

That night we were dining in a little restaurant on a hilltop outside Avila. It was late. We were alone, but the waiters didn't seem to mind. An orange half-moon hung in the window and from somewhere below in the valley a singer's distant voice rose up to us.

Cary talked about getting married. With every passing day, he said, he was more sure that we belonged together, that finally he had found in me someone to whom he could commit himself and to hell with being vulnerable. I trust you and love you and want to marry you, he said.

I never doubted for a second that Cary loved me as much as I could hope to be loved by a man. What he said to me struck me like a jolt and took my breath away; I couldn't answer him. How could I explain to him the contradictions? The conflict between his image and Carlo's image? I told him that I didn't dare give an answer yet, that I needed to go back to my own environment and to be able to make up my mind away from the magic of those Spanish nights.

Besides, I was committed to a film, "Boy on a Dolphin," in Greece and Cary was due to start work on a picture in Los Angeles.

The windup on "The Pride and the Passion" was hectic. Sinatra's patience abruptly gave out, and without finishing his final scenes, he packed up and flew back to Hollywood for personal reasons. Thus, when we finished the film, it really wasn't finished.

The last night, Cary and I had dinner together. There was a windup party scheduled for the following day but I had booked an early flight out in the morning. So this was our last time together.

We had been joking and laughing, but over coffee the talk turned serious. "Sophia," Cary asked, "what is going to happen to us?"

"I don't know, Cary. I really don't. And I wish I weren't so mixed up and confused. But one day I am pulled one way and the next day another. I don't know what's going to happen."

Carry's face brightened with a mock idea. "Why don't we just get married and discuss all this afterwards?"

I was so grateful to him for having released the tension and for having made a joke out of the serious turmoil of our souls . . .

From Chapter 9

* * *

I had now made three American films in succession, in which I played a Spanish camp follower, a Greek peasant, and an Arab street girl. None of the parts or movies was memorable, but Carlo had adroitly used them as stepping stones towards his coveted goal, a Hollywood contract. It worked. Columbia Pictures made a deal with him for four films. The year, 1957 — I was twenty-two years old.

I felt committed to Carlo, but uneasy because I had no answer when I asked myself, Committed to what? Almost three years had passed since that euphoric moment (it was my birthday) during the shooting of "Woman of the River", when Carlo came to our location and presented me with that diamond ring. Until then, we had only seen each other secretly, but during the location shooting of "Woman of the River," Carlo stayed with me at my hotel, and certainly those working on the film knew about us. I didn't care. I loved him and wanted him, and despite my mother's dire foreboding, I felt it would turn out all right. If not,

Sinatra and Sophia during the filming of "The Pride and the Passion."

SOPHIA

It would be a painful mistake. But the only people who never make mistakes are the ones who don't do anything. Mistakes are part of the dues one pays for living a full life.

My mother continued to lecture me about Carlo. She didn't like him. "Italian men do not leave their children," she warned. "They will play around but they will always go back to their children." The fact that Carlo had two young children did upset me. And that he was married continued to bother me, but how can I explain that I had the feeling that Carlo was someone I had known all my life, that I had as much right to him as anyone else, and that he had been my father and my husband for a long time? The thing I found most attractive about Carlo was his gentleness. I have my own peculiar yardstick for measuring a man: Does he have the courage to cry in a moment of grief? Does he have the compassion not to hunt an animal? In his relationship with a woman, is he gentle? Real manliness is nurtured in kindness and gentleness, which I associate with intelligence, comprehension, tolerance, justice, education and high morality. If only men realized how easy it is to open a woman's heart with kindness, and how many women close their hearts to the assault of the Don Juans.

I have another way to measure a man: with his bad qualities. Of these, I'd say that stinginess, arrogance, and cruelty are fatal.

From what Carlo told me about his relationship with his wife I knew that something vital had gone out of their marriage and that they had settled for a modus vivendi — living in the same house but not really as man and wife any more. So I felt that if Carlo did leave her for me she would not be as affected as she would have been if she were still in love with him.

I had never met Carlo's wife — Giuliana Fiastri was her name, daughter of a general — but the dignity and maturity which she exhibited all through this long, trying period elicited my profound admiration. She was a woman without a trace of bitterness or hostility in her, a woman who, having accepted the fact that her marriage was over, tried to make the transition as easy on herself and her children and Carlo as she possibly could.

Cary Grant ardently pursued the marriage he had first proposed in Spain.

But in view of the fact that Italy did not recognize divorce, even with his wife's cooperation there was little Carlo could do to dissolve the marriage. He did apply for an annulment on the grounds that when he married Giuliana he had not believed in the sacrament of marriage, but the action was flimsy and the annulment quickly denied. The prospect of getting the marriage dissolved was bleak. But no matter how much I needed Carlo in my life, how incomplete I was without him, how desperately I wanted to furnish a home with him and have children with him and mingle my life with his, I nonetheless was determined that I was not going to get strung out as his mistress, naively abiding the dissolution of an indissoluble marriage. It was a severe conflict and one that troubled me deeply.

This was the state of affairs (no pun intended) when we flew to Beverly Hills, where Cary Grant eagerly awaited my arrival. Carlo knew that Cary was still in my thoughts. Instinctively I knew that Cary's fervid interest brought pressure to bear on Carlo. I didn't know exactly what Carlo could do about his dilemma, but the fact was that for three years he had had a good thing going for him, and as long as he could, he would probably be content to maintain that idyllic state...

But that did not mean that Carlo was able to take me for granted. Certainly the situation with Cary, which Carlo was fully aware of, was exerting pressure on him. And so was I. I know a woman can become very boring when she's pressuring a man, especially if he's married, but I had come to realize that if I did not reach a point of crisis with Carlo, nothing was ever going to happen. A married man wants to string along with the status quo — let's wait and see, have a little patience, dear — but if the man has strong emotions and ties to his family and believes in the things he has accomplished, then if pressure isn't brought to bear on him nothing is ever going to happen. I instinctively knew that pressure mounting to a crisis was the only way to get a response, but knowing that, I also knew such a move generated the risk that Carlo might jump back into his old marriage rather than into my arms.

That was a risk I was willing to take. If I lost out, then his feelings for me weren't as strong as I had thought they were. So I told him "Carlo, I love you, I have committed myself to you, but this is no life for me. I want a life of my own. I want children and a house we can call our own and I'm tired of hearing my mother's lectures. I want to feel pride when I'm with you and feel a nice wedding band on my finger. I met you when I was sixteen. I have lived with you, off and on, since I was nineteen. I am now twenty-three. That is long enough — more than enough of my life that I have spent this way. I am tired of being badgered by the press about you — of being coy with them and evasive. And sometimes dishonest. That's not me; I hate having to do that. It's really starting to get to me and the time has come to put a stop to it. I know it's not easy. I know the problems you face. But your whole way of life is overcoming obstacles and I know you could overcome this one if you really wanted to."

Now Carlo had a sharp, unequivocal crisis.

And so did I. Now that I was living in Hollywood and experiencing the everyday life there, it was having an effect on my attitude towards Cary.

My first impression of Hollywood was precisely as I had imagined it to be. Beautiful scenery, expensive cars of dazzling colours, obligatory swimming pools rarely swum in, a plethora of motels, giant drugstores and giant supermarkets, so staggering in size and content that they could just as well have been on another planet. What I found most amusing were the drive-ins, and I adored having a food tray brought to the car and hooked onto the outside of the door. I was also enchanted with a dish I had never eaten before: cottage cheese with fruit salad.

It was all brand new to me, a unique ambiance, a different kind of living. The people all looked very relaxed and healthy, and their casual dress and informality were fascinating. A very appealing, life-style, I thought — at first. But then I began to discover something else about life in Hollywood: it only ran on one track, and that track was the motion picture. Any and everyone was obsessed with movies. All you ever heard wherever you went were words such as grosses, below-the-line, above-the-line, percentages, negative costs, reruns, spin-offs, and scarcely a word to indicate that anything at all was happening in the real world other than the making of movies. Even if you were invited out to dinner, talk at the table would be limited to the latest Hollywood gossip, and immediately after dinner, a screen would miraculously appear from behind a Modigliani or a rare Flemish tapestry, and everyone would watch whatever not-yet-released film the host had been able to wrangle from a studio.

But my working experience in Hollywood was valuable. I learned about American movie technique and I was able to perfect my English and speak naturally rather than in the parrot fashion of "The Pride and the Passion." So in that sense it was like going

Continued on Page 43

DEEPTI NAVAL:
BREAKTHROUGH WITHOUT COMPROMISE

Jyothi Venkatesh

You tend to dismiss her at first sight as yet another ordinary looking starlet waiting in the wings, but Deepti grows on you and you tend to fall in love with her in your subsequent meetings with her. With her film "Ek Baar Phir" which featured in the Indian Panorama at the Bangalore Filmotsav, Deepti has arrived on the film scene at a time when there is a vacuum.

Unlike most of the other starlets, Deepti is not at all in awe of her super-star co-stars. I was returning to Bangalore from Melkote after covering the location shooting of producer Surinder Kapoor's "Hum Paanch" along with Mithun Chakravorty, Deepti, Mithun's make-up man and director Ramesh Puri. Mithun kept teasing Deepti, but she kept her cool throughout the journey which stretched for a little more than three hours, giving tit for tat to Mithun.

How did she bag "Ek Baar Phir"?

"With pride, I can boldly state that I have come on my own into the industry without a god-father to further my interests, unlike Tina Munim who had a Dev Anand to boost her career and Poonam Dhillon who was launched by Yash Chopra. Vinod Pande, the producer-writer-director of 'Ek Baar Phir' had approached other girls like Zaherra and Padmini Kapila for the same role before it was offered to me. Because it is not a conventional role they didn't accept it and ultimately he signed me for the role.

"It was Farooq Shaikh who had spoken to Vinod Pande about me. Farooq and I had acted together in a television play for the Yuvdarshan programme. It was before he made his bow as a leading man with 'Noorie'. Vinod rang me up and told me that he wanted to sign me up even without a screen test. And to the credit of Vinod, I should say that after the film was launched, he stuck to me even though Smita Patil and Simi were very keen on doing the film after they came to know how fabulous my role in the film was."

The tragedy with the Bombay film industry, according to Deepti, is that you tend to be type cast on the basis of your role in your last film. After she made her debut with Shyam Benegal's "Junoon" in a small role as Benjamin Gilani's wife, there was a queue of producers outside her home to sign her up as a sister for their films. And steadfastly Deepti turned down every such role though at one stage it meant she wouldn't have even a single film on the floors.

"Producer Ismail Shroff offered to sign me as Rajesh Khanna's sister in his 'Thodisi Bewafaai'. When I refused to be tempted to sign his film, he said that I'll never be able to bag a break as a heroine all through my life."

According to Deepti, "Junoon" was a kind of screen test for her. "In fact when Shyam Benegal had offered the role to me, he had already shot 'Junoon' for more than a month at Lucknow. I knew that mine was a small role, but still took it up because I knew I could stand out with only one scene in the film. I consider 'Junoon' as an introduction for me to Shyam. Likewise, even if tomorrow I am offered a small role by Satyajit Ray, I'd jump at it because it would be a sort of introduction to Ray."

Deepti has quite a few meaty and challenging roles right now on the floors. They include "Amar Milan" opposite Amol Palekar, "Hum Paanch" opposite Mithun Chakravorty, "Partner" opposite Kanwaljit, etc. She is glad that directors like Hrishikesh Mukherjee, M.S. Sathyu, Shyam, etc. have asked her to do a film for them.

"Abroad, at 40, Liv Ulmann and Jane Fonda are being bombarded with good offers, but here in India the life span of an artiste is short and you have got to make the optimum use of your tenure in films," says Deepti and is determined to make it to the top, but only by virtue of talent. And just to refute the allegations that she is using Gulzar far her career, she has decided not to work with Gulzar till she is able to establish herself as a star.

Photograph : Amichai

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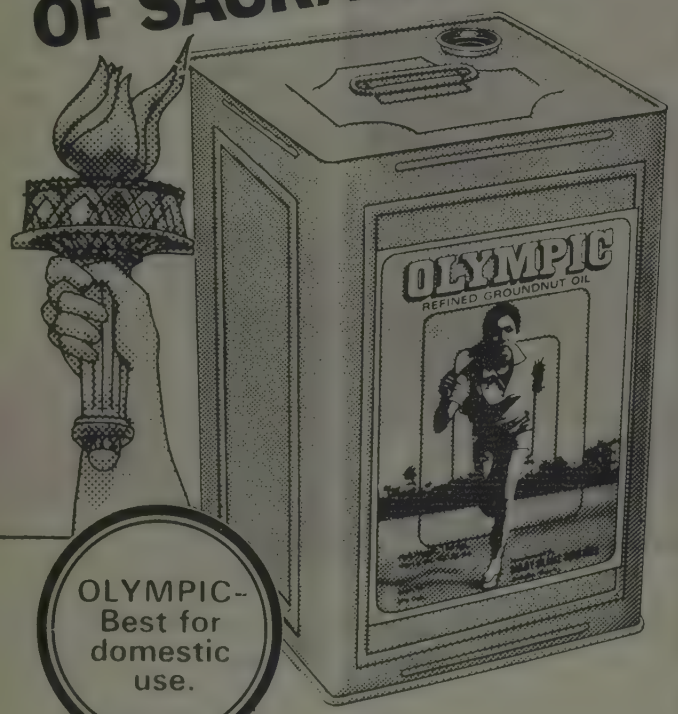

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SMITA SHETH

"Sizzling Smita steals the show," declared one newspaper headline commenting with alliterative enthusiasm on the most recent success of our young cover girl, Smita Sheth. A participant in the Eve's Weekly — Shri Ambica Mills regional beauty contest held recently, Smita did not, however, earn this encomium for her performance at the contest. Her talent lies in quite a different direction, and has brought her fame at a very early age. For at 16 she is our National Roller Skating Champion.

Smita took up this sport only three years ago, encouraged by her father and facilitated by the upsurge of interest in roller skating in her home town of Ahmedabad which boasts six skating rinks, and sends a number of top class participants to various national championships every year. Smita speaks warmly too of the encouragement and expert guidance of her coach, Jaspal Singh, who is considered to be the brain behind Gujarat's success at the national championships.

"World Roller Skating Championships are held every year," said Smita, "but it is not yet a recognized Olympic sport," though enthusiasts are lobbying for it to be included in the 1984 Olympics, and Smita has every intention of being a participant if that happens!

Smita's first taste of success came when she was runner-up in the Junior Girls section at the Gujarat State championships in '76. It was only the second time she had participated in a championship.

In '78 at the 7th All India Open Championships in Mussorie, Smita shared the trophy with Krishna Jadeja, one of the two girls who had hitherto dominated women's roller skating in this country.

At the 5th Gujarat State Championships in '79 Smita emerged as the Gujarat Champion and was declared Queen of Figure Skating. Then followed a spate of wins — she was National Champion at the 21st National Roller Skating Championships in Jammu in '79 and again National Champion at the All India Open in Mussorie in '79 where she won 7 gold medals, 1 silver medal, a cup, a shield, and a hockey stick autographed by Ajitpal Singh, India's ex-hockey captain.

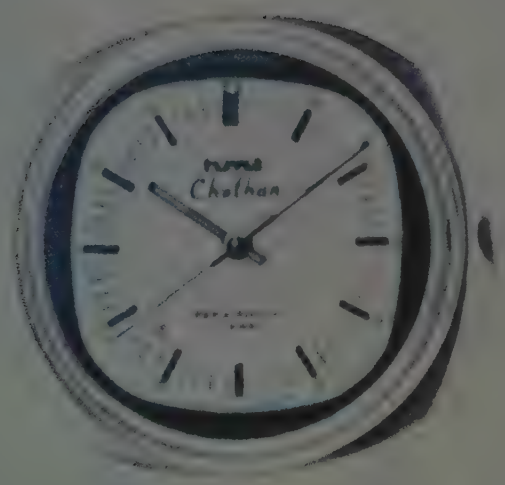
Smita's most recent triumph was at the All India Mummick Memorial Roller Skating Championship held at Chandigarh in January of this year. Gujarat State demonstrated again their supremacy in Artistic Skating and Smita, who won two gold medals in this event, was declared Artistic Champion. She was also declared the overall Speed Champion in her class, and for her excellent performance throughout these championships she was the only participant to receive a special cash prize awarded by the Chief Guest, the Commissioner of Chandigarh, Mr. Aggarwal. Her flawless technique and the grace and ease with which she performed, won her one of the most coveted trophies of this championship — the Skating Queen Trophy.

But in spite of all these heady triumphs it is surprising to hear that Smita does not intend to make roller skating a full-time career. She is a student of textile and costume designing at the Government Girls Polytechnic, Ahmedabad, and is determined on a career in textile designing after completing the three-year diploma and the two-year post-diploma course which the Polytechnic offers. Roller skating is just a sport, she says, though one which she takes very seriously as is obvious from the amount of time she devotes to it. "It is a very strenuous sport which requires agility and discipline and it is essential to keep fit. I do yoga daily and practise regularly, before going to college and again in the evenings— about six to seven hours a day before championships," she says.

Smita has also trained in Indian classical music and is a member of the Payal Garba group that has toured India extensively.

How does she manage to coordinate all her varied activities? "It is hard work coping with practise and my studies and I am kept very busy," Smita admits, but she evidently enjoys working hard at both her studies and her "hobby." Smita has given demonstration shows in her home town of Ahmedabad and one hopes that in future audiences in other parts of the country will get the chance to see this dazzling young performer participate in a sport that is one of the most spectacular and exciting to watch.

S. G.



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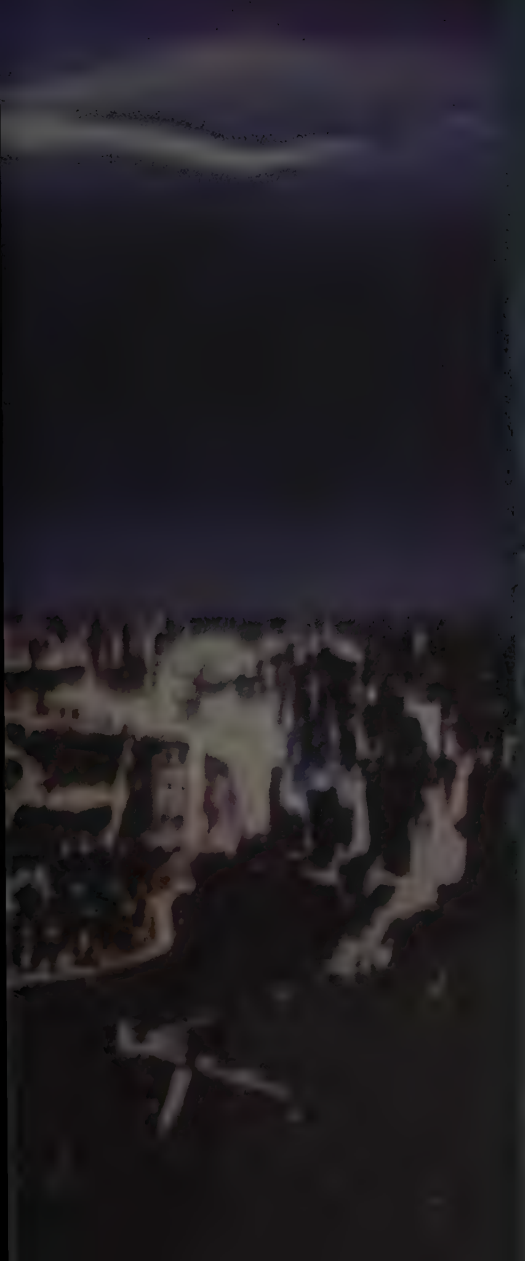


BONDS OF HUMANITY

Subhash Chandra

IT was an unusual, fascinating sight: the old man, Dina Nath was sitting in an easy-chair and by his side in a chair sat Kalwa, an urchin from the neighbouring jhuggu-jompri colony, while other urchins romped about the courtyard — merry, uninhibited. Some of them were busy plucking the ripe guavas, while two of them were bathing at the tap in the courtyard and indulging in sprinkling water all around.

Once in a while, Dina Nath, pointed out to one of the boys, a ripe, big guava on a tree and occasionally Kalwa helped someone reach a guava, he being the eldest (about thirteen) of the group. Two boys brought a few soft, luscious guavas to Dina Nath and asked him to eat, but he laughed and opened his toothless mouth and said, "See, not a single tooth! No. I can't. You eat them yourselves." The youngest of them, a five year old, was appalled and amused at the sight of the toothless mouth and could not understand why the old man did not have any teeth, while he had so many.

But this had been the case for the past one week only. Before that the relations between Dina Nath and the urchins were those of a tyrant and guerilla desperadoes — stalking their enemy, attacking his fort, looting the fruits and vanishing before he could hobble after them and hit them with his walking stick.

There were half a dozen tall, rich guava trees in Dina Nath's courtyard, which bore abundant fruit — big, golden-yellow, red inside and sweet. Dina Nath guarded them day and night, like a jealous, wary serpent protecting his treasure — abusing, pelting stones at, or running after those urchins who lurked around the courtyard like moths around a flame, in a bid to filch a few guavas.

When the fruits were ripe, Dina Nath got them collected by a hired labourer and took them to the local mandi (wholesale market), where his produce fetched the highest price, because it was the best quality. Not that Dina Nath needed money, but perhaps it gave him a thrill to see the fruit being converted into money and it offered him a sense of purpose, which helped him to fight ennui and loneliness.

He lived alone. His wife had died five years ago, and his two sons had married and settled abroad — one in the United States and the other in Canada. The sons were not really ungrateful, though both had defied the directive of the old man not to marry a foreigner. Dina Nath had certain fixed ideas about things in life, which he tried to implant in his sons, too. He told them to be ambitious: "Strive for the impossible and you will end up with something substantial, appreciable. If you are beggarly in your aspirations, you will keep scrounging all your life."

He had given them the best education and the two had grown into intelligent, academically bright young men, who were ambitious and did try for the "impossible." Both of them were well-placed in their respective countries — the one in the U.S. was a nuclear scientist at N.A.S.A. and the other was Accounts Director in a Canadian firm. Both of them, without fail, wrote to the old man now and then and each sent a tidy sum, always advising him to live comfortably, to keep a servant or two to look after him.

The money they sent was many times more than what he needed, but Dina Nath did not like keeping a servant, partly because it would be more dangerous to keep someone who could conveniently walk away with everything he had, and partly because he believed in doing things by himself, to keep himself healthy. So, the sons were not really unkind to Dina Nath, but neither of them dared to keep the father with him, knowing his stubborn and short-tempered disposition, besides his entrenched antagonism to foreign girls as wives.

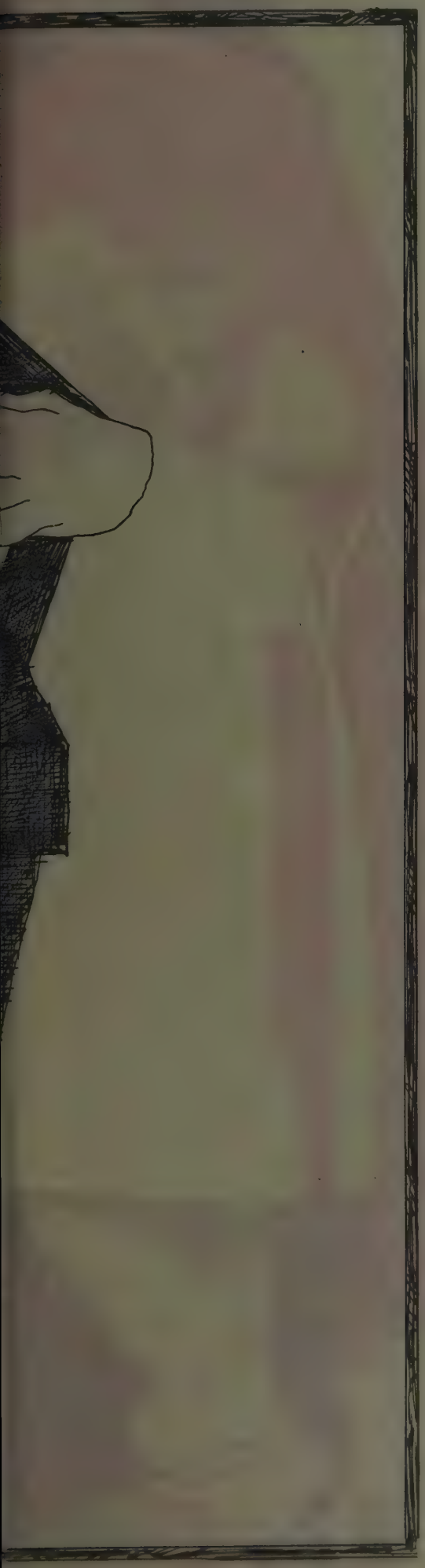
He used to admonish his sons, before they had left from India: "Never commit the blunder of marrying a foreign girl. The cultural gap is too large to be bridged. There are few such marriages that do not fall apart because of the cultural disparity and difference in values. Marry an Indian girl; she will be faithful to you all her life and serve you through good and bad times."

Dina Nath was proud of his sons' high position abroad, but there was a touch of sourness in his heart at their having married against his advice and without his consent. This, perhaps had made him somewhat churlish and a little hard-hearted. Once, he caught hold of a seven-year-old boy in the act of stealing guavas and had thrashed him and then locked him up in a room. It was only when a group of people from the basti angrily

descended on him and threatened to beat him up that he released the child. But he never gave up the defence of his fruit and did not cease to go after the children with his stick, shouting and threatening, if he spotted them anywhere near the trees.

* * *

One day, suddenly, his old kidney pain, which had not afflicted him for about a decade now, started again, and he lay on the floor in a room and groaned, tossing and turning. The children same into the courtyard, as usual, softly, stealthily and set to work. All the time, they kept glancing towards the door which was ajar, but the old man did not come out. As the time passed, they had eaten their fill and their pockets bulged with the loot.



HE WAS OVERWHELMED BY THE UNFLINCHING, SELFLESS DEVOTION OF THE URCHIN WHO, FOR ALL HE KNEW, WAS AN UNTOUCHABLE HE FELT IMPELLED TO RE-EVALUATE THE BONDS OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS

Still there was no sign of the old man and they grew curious and wondered whatever could have happened to their tormentor. The biggest and the most audacious of them all, Kalwa, decided to probe into the matter. As he got near the door, he heard the old man's moans and called everyone. Slowly, followed by the others, he entered the room and beheld the pathetic state the old man was in. Dina Nath looked at them beseechingly, but could say nothing.

The children were awe struck and their tender hearts melted in pity to see the old man in such terrible pain. Kalwa bent down and asked, "Can we do anything for you?" Dina Nath managed to convey that he had acute pain in the stomach and that he wanted water. Kalwa ran to fetch water, while the others began massaging his limbs, pressing his body, with their tiny hands, to give him what relief they could.

After pouring some water into his parched throat, Kalwa asked, "Shall I bring Dr. Gupta? I know his clinic. it is not far." The old man nodded his head and Kalwa sprang to his feet.

The doctor was pleasantly surprised and amused to see the young children, looking after the old man so solicitously. Having examined Dina Nath, he prescribed certain medicines and gave an injection to reduce the excruciating pain. Dina Nath pointed to the purse in the pocket of his kurta, hanging on a peg. Kalwa ran to the chemist's and brought the medicines. "Now, he will have to be given these medicines at regular intervals and he needs complete rest for about a week," said the doctor to Kalwa.

"I'll stay with him, day and night," Kalwa, promised.

"Will you? But what about your parents? Will they let you?"

"I have none. My father died when I was very young and my mother ran away with someone."

"Then where do you sleep and how do you earn your bread?" asked the doctor, getting interested in this cocky but candid and humane young urchin.

"I share a jhuggi with a blind beggar. I take him along to Tis Hazari Courts and leave him there to beg, and in the evening go to bring him back. I also help him in cooking and other household chores and he shares his food with me," narrated Kalwa nonchalantly as if that settled all his problems.

"Very good. You are a good boy and a brave boy. Tomorrow you come to my clinc and tell me about his condition. He should be a little better by tomorrow." The doctor patted Kalwa on the back and left.

* * *

Dina Nath was overwhelmed by the unflinching, selfless devotion of the urchin who, for all he knew, was an untouchable. Under normal conditions it would have been unthinkable for the old man to let Kalwa even cross his threshold, leave alone drink water from his hands and eat kichri cooked by him. But this bout of illness jolted him into ruminating over his old notions. He felt impelled to re-evaluate the bonds of human relationships, which he now realised were more a matter of love and feelings than blood ties. He had his own two sons and they sent plenty of money to him, but what use would that money have been, had not a compassionate, loving untouchable boy, taken care of him and nursed him through his illness?

After five days, Dina Nath felt considerably better. As he lay reclining on the couch, he looked at Kalwa, sitting near him in a thoughtful posture. "Feeling home-sick?" asked Dina Nath.

"You know I have no home to call my own."

"Kalwa, what made you do all this for me? I have always been so nasty to you all."

Kalwa tried to think, grew confused and shook his head vaguely. "I don't know. You were in a bad state. I felt sorry to see you writhing in pain. That's all."

"What about your blind man? All these days, he must have been starving without the alms and with none to cook his food."

"No, he has not been starving. I know it. There are many others in the colony who would be happy to do what I did for him. The only thing is he doesn't trust others as much as he does me."

"Kalwa, if I were to ask you to live with me, will you? I know, I have no right over you. I also know that I am being selfish, but I am like your blind man with the difference that while there are others to help him, I have nobody to look after me in my old age. My two sons are living abroad, and in all likelihood, they will never be able to visit me. There may not be anyone to arrange even for my funeral!"

Kalwa looked at Dina Nath intently for long and tried to speak but got choked. He rose slowly and came near Dina Nath, placed his hands on Dina Nath's and nodded his agreement.

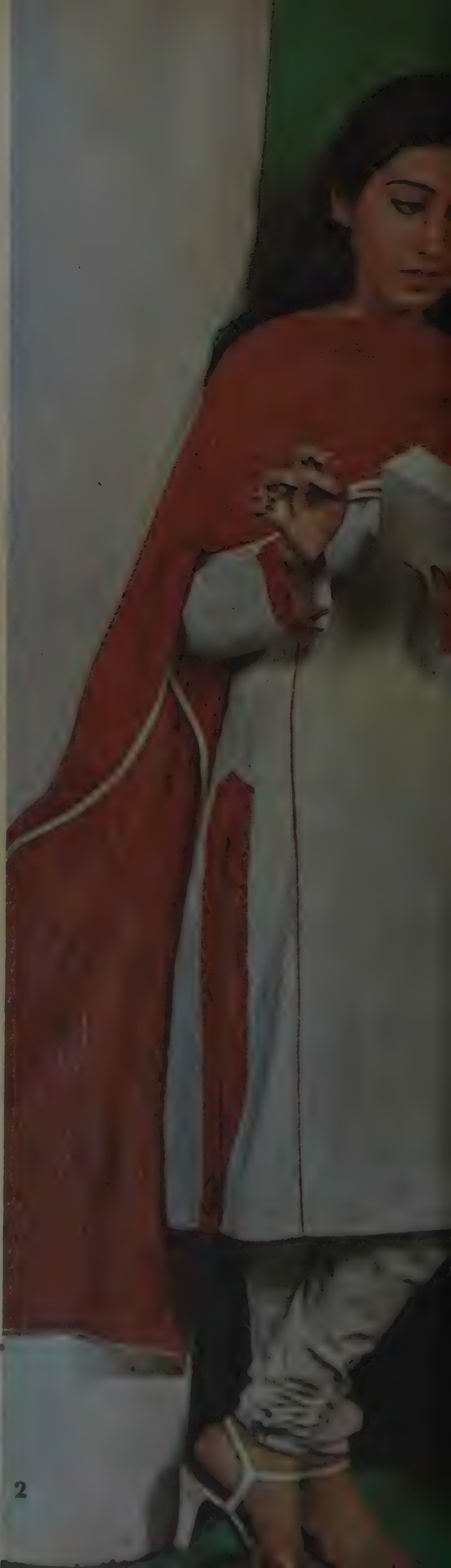
* * *

Now the children from the jhuggi-jompri colony were not barred from Dina Nath's courtyard. He gave up the practice of collecting the fruit and selling it in the mandi. Now the children could come freely to eat guavas and even take some home. Dina Nath and Kalwa would sit in chairs enjoying the sight. Kalwa occasionally helped small boys who could not reach the fruit.

CAMPUS CASUALS

Churidar kurta sets have taken many different shapes over the years, and now they are back with a totally different look, completely new to the fashion scene. The knee length kurtas with side slits, and falling straight from the shoulders, allow free movement to the mercurial teenagers who are always on the move. These ensembles in cotton fabrics will achieve popularity both at campus and for evening relaxation in the latest spectrum of colours and a wide range of print combinations to select from.

1



2

1. Off to the campus — a striking yellow ensemble, edged with red bias, teamed with a striking dupatta with a bold bandhani print in red.

2. For a casual put-together — a Rajasthani style churidar kurta in pin dots is highlighted by a brilliant bandhani print dupatta edged with white bias trimmings; a zig-zag striped kurta with an empire waistline has a print combination on sleeves. Similar print repeats on the churidars.

3. Casually at ease — a black churidar kurta with an all over khari print is made colourful with an appliqued yoke in traditional Kutchi embroidery.

4. A chic two-piece outfit in a subtle blend of colours. The sleeveless jacket worn over a midi dress, is in a stripe design to match the long sleeves and skirt edge of the dress.

Courtesy: Nalini Sarees, New Delhi

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshai

3

4

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HEART TO HEART

Confide your personal problems to Dr. Mahinder Watsa, c/o Eve's Weekly. Dr. Watsa is a leading sex and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight

WANTS A GIRL NOW

I am a working woman of 37. I have two sons aged 15 and 8 years old. I wanted the third baby to be a girl, but I changed my mind and underwent abortion. Then I had further abortions. I don't know why I acted so foolishly. The moment I am pregnant I become mentally sick because of nausea and vomiting, and develop tension and fear of delivery. After my medical termination of pregnancy my doctor wrote, "Abstain from sex" on the case sheet. For how long?

My husband is 44 years old. I feel like having another baby. Is it advisable to have a baby after MTP? Will the delivery be normal?

If both of you are keen to have another child (there is of course no guarantee that it will be a girl), there is no reason why you should not be able to conceive and deliver a baby

NORMAL DELIVERY IS POSSIBLE

without complications despite the MTP. Your deliberate decision will create confidence in you as a result of which your tension, fear, nausea and vomiting will be more controlled. A competent obstetrician will help you considerably. Also ask your doctor how long you should abstain from sex.

SHOULD SHE MARRY HIM?

I am 16 and in love with a boy who is 24 years old. Is it advisable for me to marry him in spite of this eight years' age difference? Please advise.

You have to wait at least for two years till you are 18 to get married. You are still young and it would be best if you widen your circle of friends and give yourself the opportunity to meet other boys, too.

If two mature people make up their minds to get married, then this age difference will not matter.

TALK TO HIM FRANKLY

I have always been happy with my husband, but now I have a feeling that he is having an affair with one of his senior colleague's wife. My suspicion has been strengthened by his and her recent behaviour. I have started disliking him completely. What should I do?

If your suspicions are true, not only is your husband ruining a happy family relationship but also endangering his job and prestige. You should have a frank talk with him. First tell him about the past happy relationship you have had with him. Then tell him about your suspicions. He is bound to be upset but it is better you tackle the situation now.

You could also convey to the woman concerned your displeasure at her attention to your husband. Explain to her that there may be nothing in it, but people's obvious comments will ruin both her and your husband's career.

Finally ask yourself whether you have been neglecting your husband. Are you a good housewife but a bad sexual partner? Are you taking an interest in your husband's activities, recreations, etc.? And if you feel you have been slipping, you'll have to pull yourself up.

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the SHAKES of summer

What could be more refreshing on a warm summer day than a tall glass of chilled fresh fruit juice, or a milk shake with crushed ice and dollops of ice-cream. Shakes and sherbets are certainly the most universally popular — delightful after sports, excellent at picnics and highly welcome after a hot day's outing Fruit punch is so welcome for people who do not drink alcohol. Be more adventurous with your summer drinks and try the various mix and match suggested by us the next time you feel like something refreshing!

Premila Lal

FALOODA

2 pints boiled milk
Prepared falooda (cornflour vermicelli)
60 grams falooda seeds
120 grams almonds & pistachios, blanched, and chopped
½ pint cream or ice-cream
Rose syrup

To prepare the falooda, dissolve cornflour in half pint water. Add a pint of

Photograph : Javed Sattar

water and cook on a medium heat, stirring constantly for fifteen minutes. The mixture will turn thick and bluish in colour and then turn thinner and translucent. Remove from the heat. Have a basin of cold water ready. Put the cornflour paste into a sev press and turn out the long thin strips over a basin of cold water. Repeat till all the paste has been used up. Leave in water till required. Soak the falooda seeds in a little water and keep aside for an hour.

To prepare six glasses of falooda, pour a large tot of rose syrup in the bottom of a large glass, add the cornflour strips and two to three teaspoons falooda seeds. Add a cupful of slightly sweetened chilled milk and a tablespoon of cream. Top with chopped nuts and crushed ice. Use ice-cream instead of cream when preparing falooda for children. Also delicious with kulfi and can be coloured by adding a drop of cochineal.

PARTY PUNCH

1½ cups pineapple juice
½ cup grapefruit squash
½ cup orange squash
1½ cups lime juice cordial
½ cup lemon squash
1 cup gin (optional)
2 bottles lemonade
4 bottles soda water
8 cups water
1 lime, sliced
1 orange, sliced
Plenty of ice cubes or crushed ice

Mix first five ingredients well. Chill. Just before serving, mix the remaining ingredients. Serve garnished with lime or orange wedges.

ROSE FLAVOURED NIMBU PANI

3 lemons
1½ tbsps. sugar
3 tsps. rosewater

Squeeze the juice out of the lemons and add the sugar to the juice. Stir till the sugar dissolves. Add four glasses of iced water and the rosewater. Pour into serving glasses and serve with crushed ice.

ICED ANISEED TEA

2 tbsps. aniseeds
2 cups strong black tea
Milk or cream
Sugar to taste

Boil the aniseed in a cupful of water till tender. Drain the liquid and pour into the black tea. Add milk and sugar to taste and pour into glasses filled with crushed ice.

PAYASAM

6 ripe mangoes
1 coconut
½ tsp. cardamom powder
120 grams sugar
A few cashew nuts
A little saffron
Ghee

Peel the mangoes and squeeze out the pulp. Add a little hot water to the mango stones and wash them clean of all pulp. Add the water to the pulp. Grate the coconut and extract milk. Grind a second time and extract thinner milk. Now add the sugar, coconut milk, cardamom powder and saffron to the mango pulp and mix well. Lastly, fry the cashew nuts in a little ghee and add them to the kheer and mix well. Serve cold with ice cubes.

ORANGE JUICE EGGNOG

1 large tin orange juice
2 eggs
2 tbsps. lemon juice
Dash of salt
4 tsps. honey
½ cup crushed ice
Whipped cream

Add enough water to the orange juice to make upto one litre. Put all the ingredients, except cream into a blender and blend well. Serve in cocktail glasses topped with a dallop of whipped cream.

CHILLED TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

1 large tin tomato juice
1 teacup water
1 spring onion
2 curry leaves
A pinch chilli powder
A pinch fresh ground pepper
A pinch salt
Few sprigs coriander leaves

Put the onion, curry leaves and water in a pan and bring to a boil. Add the tomato juice and simmer for about fifteen minutes. Strain and season with salt, pepper and chilli powder. Chill well and serve cold garnished with sprigs of coriander leaves.

CARROT MILK SHAKE

2 glasses milk
4 medium carrots, chopped coarsley
2 tbsps. sugar
¼ tsp. cardamom or nutmeg, powdered

Put the ingredients in the blender, cover and blend till the carrots are liquidised.

FRESH STRAWBERRY SHERBET

500 grams fresh ripe strawberries
2 eggs
Juice of 1 lemon
2 tbsps. sugar
1 cup crushed ice

Put all the ingredients in the blender and blend till smooth. Serve immediately in tall glasses topped with whipped cream if desired. Garnish with a whole strawberry on top.

PINEAPPLE ICE

1 cup tinned pineapple or fresh pineapple stew
1 cup sugar
5 tbsps. lemon juice
1¼ litre water
Sprigs of mint

Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes and remove from fire. Chill thoroughly. Stir in the pineapple and lemon juice. Pour into ice trays and freeze till half set. Remove contents and place in a large bowl. Whisk with an egg-beater till frothy. Return to ice trays and chill till set. Serve garnished with sprigs of mint.

MELON ICE

500 grams melon pulp
125 grams sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
4 tbsps. water

Put the sugar and water into a saucepan and place on a low fire for five minutes till the sugar dissolves. Allow to cool. Mix with the melon along with the lemon juice. Pour mixture into ice trays and freeze at the coldest setting for about two hours. Turn out and whisk with an egg-beater till light. Return to trays and freeze at normal setting.

GRAPE ICE

1 cup grapes, crushed
2 cup water
2 tbsps. fresh lemon juice
3 tbsps. orange juice
2 egg whites
2 tsps. gelatine

Soak the gelatine in three tablespoons of cold water. Boil a cup of water. Remove and stir in the gelatine until dissolved. When thoroughly cool, add the grape crush, lemon juice and orange juice along with the water. Season with a pinch of salt. Whip the egg whites stiffly and fold into the mixture. Pour into ice trays and freeze until set.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of April will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00:

1) A non-stick coated Saucepan from TRUPTI, INDUSTRIES and, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Miss Kaveri Sarkar, Calcutta.

EGG JALEBI

5 eggs
½ tsp. cardamom powder
250 grams sugar
A pinch saffron
Ghee for frying

Add cardamom and saffron to the eggs. Stiffly beat the eggs. Make the sugar syrup. Heat the ghee. Pour the egg mixture in the jalebi mould and pour it out immediately in circles into the hot ghee. Fry till golden brown. Remove and soak them into the above prepared syrup. Let it soak for five minutes.

Mrs. Anna Jacob, Tamil Nadu.

CREAMED PRAWN PACK

2 cups prawns, shelled
1½ cups tomatoes
3 green chillis
1 tsp. ginger
1 cup onions
1 cup carrots diced
3 hard boiled eggs
5 dtsps. butter
4 tbsps. cornflour
2½ cups milk
½ tsp. pepper
Salt as required
¾ cup cheese, grated

Clean the prawns. Cut the tomatoes into big pieces. Chop the onions, green chillis and ginger. Saute the chopped onions, chillis and ginger in two dessertspoons of butter. When golden brown, put in the prawns and carrots. Add very little water. Cook covered. When prawns and carrots get cooked, and the water has evaporated, add the tomato pieces. Saute on low flame for a few more minutes till dry. Slice the boiled eggs. Saute the flour in the remaining butter. Add little milk. Blend well. Add the salt and pepper and cook till the sauce thickens. In a pie dish, spread a layer of this sauce. Now put the sauted mixture and slice eggs alternatively. Pour over the remaining sauce. Sprinkle the grated cheese on top. Bake in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Mrs. Katy Mistry, Bombay.

CHAMPIGNON SOUFFLE

180 grams cheese, grated
3 eggs
1 tin mushroom soup
60 grams butter
30 grams brandy
2 green chillis, chopped fine
60 grams bacon, chopped fine
30 grams almonds, blanched
Salt to taste
Souffle dish — 5 cms in diameter

Fry bacon in its own fat. Separate the eggs. In a dekchi, melt butter on low flame. While it melts, add cheese. Remove from fire. Add the egg yolks, one after another, blending well after each addition. Next, put in bacon, chillis, mushroom soup and brandy and mix well. Beat the egg whites stiffly to form peaks. Fold these egg whites into the souffle mixture.

Pour this preparation in the souffle dish. Bake at 190°C for twenty minutes. only. Remove quickly from the oven and sprinkle the souffle edge with the sliced almonds. Rebake for another ten minutes or till well risen.

WEEKLY WINNER

JANET JOEL, Chandigarh.

Mrs. Joel wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

KULCHA PIZZA

6 fresh kulchas
200 grams meat, minced
100 grams green peas
150 grams potatoes
10 pods garlic
1" piece ginger
2 onions
Pepper and salt to taste
1 lemon
Oil
Tomato puree

Chop onions and fry them in oil till light brown. Put the minced meat, chopped garlic and ginger, pepper and salt. Cook till tender. Add the peas. Let it simmer. Dice the potatoes and deep fry till crisp. Remove. Add these to the meat. Sprinkle coriander leaves and lime juice.

Put criss-cross gashes in the kulchas taking care not to pierce through. Put the above mince preparation generously over each kulcha. Pour tomato puree and dallops of butter. Place the kulcha pizzas on the pre-heated oven grill. Remove after ten minutes. Serve hot with chutney or sauce.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contests

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

May, 1980
MANGO MARVELS

June, 1980
RAINY DAY SNACKS

July, 1980
SNACKS FOR ELEVENSES

All entries for May should reach us latest by April 5, June entries by May 5, and July entries by June 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

Traditional themes, imaginative use of colour, space and line characterise the batik paintings of Bihari Barbhaiya, a well-known artist from Baroda. He is the recipient of many awards and has several exhibitions to his credit. Bihari was initiated into this art at Shantiniketan. He does murals and ink paintings, too. Extensively travelled, Bihari won rave notices in the U.S.A., Holland, U.S.S.R and Japan.

Through the years this artist has been experimenting with this very fascinating medium using varied techniques. "In some of my works I have scratched the wax covering with a wire-brush to give the required effect. I also use fine needles," he revealed.

We have featured here a few examples of his work exhibited in Bombay recently — "Race Horses", "Holi Nritya" and Pujarin". They are all imbued with life and movement and leave the spectator marvelling at Bihari's mastery of the batik technique.

C. J.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

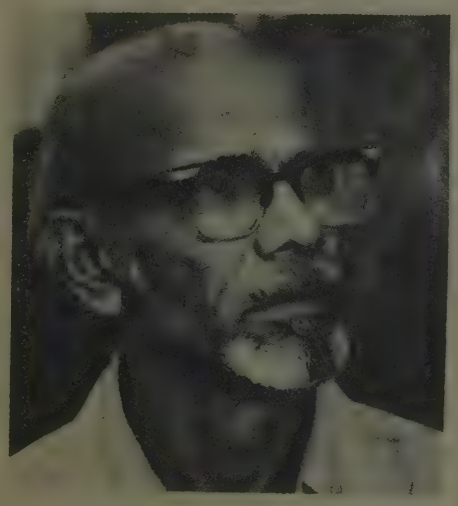
Photographs : Tenzin Lepcha

DEVELOPING CREATIVITY IN CHILDREN

Parimal P. Chaudhari

"The child is invariably the victim of his parents' thoughts and ideas. The parents are the sole authority who dictate to their children. The colour of their clothes, what they should read, what they should speak, what they should play; in fact, every activity is dictated by them. The child is left with no choice in anything it wants to do. "In this process of imposing our ideas on the child, his natural abilities are strangled to death," says Mr. Chinchalkar of Indore, the man who is leading the child's rebellion against this infringement on its right to express itself.

CHILDREN NEED SCOPE TO DEVELOP THEIR CREATIVE IMAGINATION. ELDERS TOO OFTEN FAIL TO APPRECIATE THIS

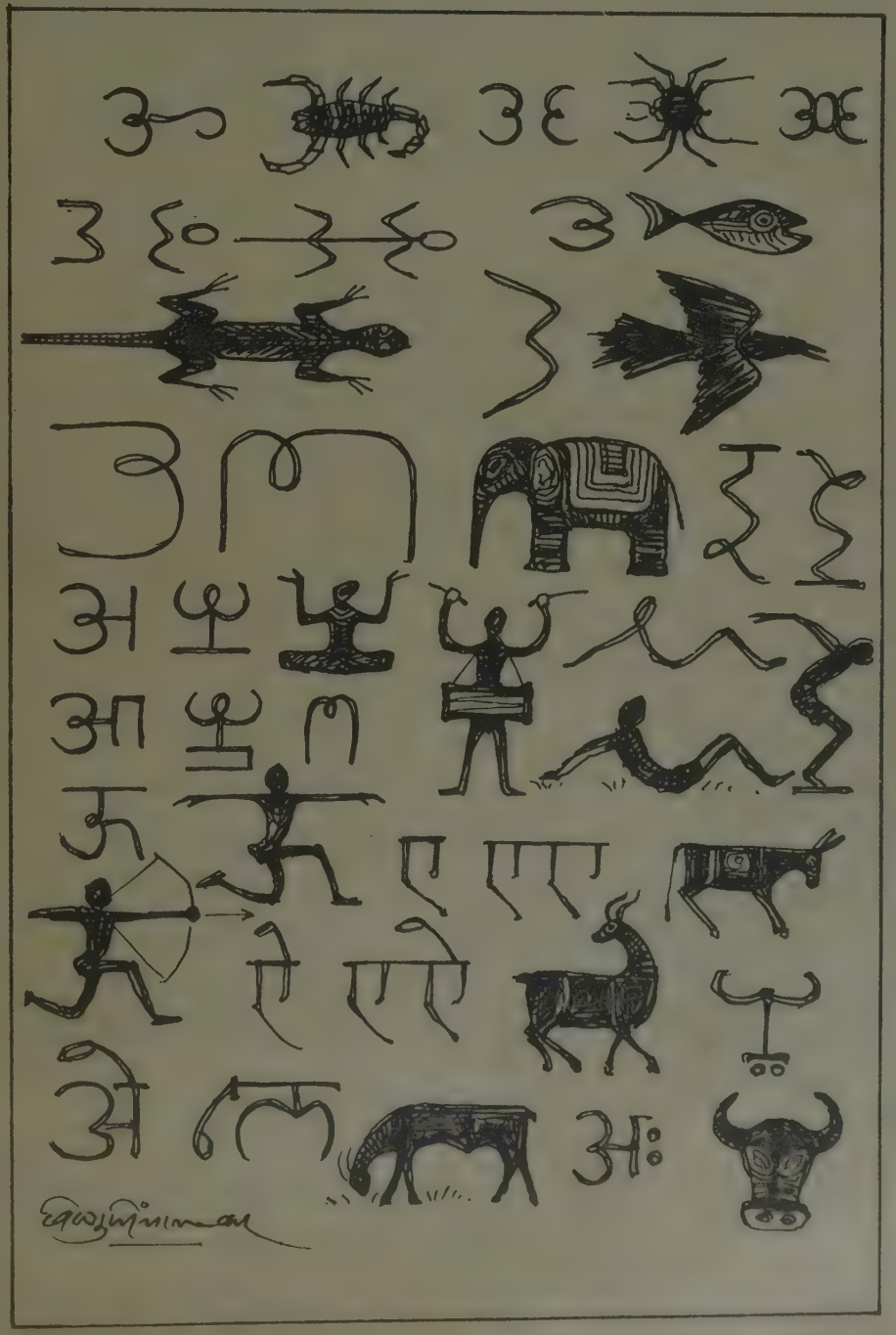


Mr. V. Chinchalkar

Mr. Vishnu Chinchalkar, fondly known as Guruji, has deep roots in art. Drawing pictures is almost an instinct with him. In recognition of his talents the FIE Foundation presented him an award last year. The children of Pune had an opportunity to enjoy his company on Children's Day (November 14) when he visited them at "Sakal", a daily of Pune. He presented the programme for children as well as their parents, which the parents too enjoyed as much as the children. It was amazing to see how a child aged four responded to the creative impulse set by Guruji.

While studying the Devnagri script or the Roman script, the entire process of learning the alphabets is sheer boredom to the child. For instance, when the child is taught "A for Apple," why should A stand only for apple and not for something else is what the child is unable to understand. One such reason for not understanding is that there is no apparent relationship between the shape of letter A and the shape of the apple, whereas "O for orange" is much easier for the child to remember because the shape of the letter O is strikingly similar to that of an orange. Thus when teaching alphabets, if the visual can be identified with the letter, the child is able to comprehend at the level of understanding rather than just at the memory level.

When Mr. Chinchalkar picked up objects from day to day life and created the entire animal world before the children they could establish a relationship between the alphabets and the objects. Soon the children themselves came up with new thoughts and ideas and began drawing pictures of their own. In a matter of two hours creativity had been instilled in the children.



"The conventional concepts of teaching the art of drawing to children has inherent flaws in it because they do not develop the creativity of the child," commented Mr. Chinchalkar. A novel way of teaching the art of drawing to children struck him during his stint with a daily newspaper of Indore called "Nai Duniya". He wrote a column for children titled "Khel Khel Mein". He realised that the stereotyped method of drawing pictures by joining dots with the dashes does not provide any stimulation to the child's imagination. He therefore began thinking of things from day to day life that would provide such stimulation; and that is how he started with alphabets and pictures.

Mr. Chinchalkar insists that children have potential creativity in them, but this is not channelised properly. For instance, the child's imagination can be stimulated by teaching him to see forms in the clouds. While watching clouds he may see forms of a tree, a mountain, a dragon or an elephant. Even droplets of rain that fall on the window pane create a galaxy of forms and shapes. One droplet joins another and then another and so on forming a continuous chain of new shapes every second. Train the child to watch these changing forms. Consider the simple operation of cooking a vegetable. Even this could be a matter of fun, he said. First the oil is warmed — small bubbles are seen — new forms form, then the turmeric powder is sprinkled — again a new colour is seen. Thus. mummy cooking food no longer seems a bore to the child.

If the child drops some ink on a piece of paper, do not scold him but instead ask him to blow air on it and see the thousands of forms that are born of it. Teach the child to appreciate what the two colours, black and white can do together. The child will certainly grow up to understand life in shades of grey! Also teach the child to enjoy the rainbow that is formed in soap lather. There you see the formation of abstract designs in red, blue and green and yellow — all in queer shapes and queer combinations. Disclose to your child this new world of colours and shapes, and the child will see beauty in every aspect of creation.

Continued on page 54

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PEOPLE KNOWN AND

Princess Margaret has reportedly had a face lift. And she sure needs to keep her chin up. After being voted the worst dressed woman some years ago, this year she has been voted the most unpopular royalty in Britain. The first in the royal family in many years to seek a divorce, the Princess also drew the public's wrath by going around with a 28-year-old playboy and by "not attending to her royal duties," like opening orphanages and chairing welfare trusts, which she is meant to do on behalf of

her sister, the Queen of England. Compounded with these drawbacks are her uncertain temper and arrogance, say many Britishers. In any case, it is important for those in the public eye to put their best face forward. One of the first things Rosalynn Carter did, it is reported, was to have her face lifted and the laughter lines removed from under her eyes, when Jimmy Carter won the presidential nomination.

* * *

Ironman bachelor Babrak Karmal (50), the current leader of beleaguered Afghanistan, has one weakness — **Anahita Ratebzad.** A short, slim, dark haired, dark eyed woman, she is a highly literate politician in a country where education is still at a premium. She speaks with intensity about the appalling state of affairs in her country and the need to spread literacy. Afghanistan, known as "the land of Cain," is impossibly poverty stricken, and its women some of the most backward in the world. Yet Anahita, a nurse and a mother of three grown up children, had the courage to leave her husband and live with Karmal. She was for a time her country's ambassador to Yugoslavia before she went into hiding with Karmal to escape the wrath of Taraki and later, Hafizullah Amin.

* * *

Has **Mrs. Gandhi** suddenly become religious and superstitious? This is a question being asked by everybody, especially since she has inherited an atheistic legacy from her father, the late Pandit Nehru, who prided himself on being a rationalist. The only time he gave in to tradition, we hear, was on the day India attained Independence, when several sadhus bathed him with haldi, kumkum and holy ash. It is widely rumoured that Mrs. Gandhi was initiated into religion by Nandini Satpathy, her one time confidante and an ex-Communist, who allegedly took her to Pondicherry to meet the Mother in the Aurobindo Ashram. Later, it is said, just before the 1977 elections, Mrs. Gandhi was visited by several astrologers at her request, to predict the future.

It is obvious that Mrs. Gandhi had said several prayers before her current return to power, if one is to go by recent indications. She has visited practically every big pilgrimage centre and offered puja. She even had a havan performed in her new residence before shifting out of her old. After all, why can't religion and socialism go hand in hand?

* * *

Although some eminent gynaecologists in Bombay have been using the laparoscope for more than ten years, it is only in the last two years that this versatile instrument has become so popular. The laparoscope is a long, fountain-pen like instrument with an "eye" at one end. One of the many uses of the laparoscope is to sterilize a woman with no surgery. The woman can go home in two hours. And that's not all; the surgery is also reversible. Credit should go to **Dr. Nurgesh Motashaw** and her colleagues, who have done everything in their power to make laparoscopic sterilizations popular. One of their big campaigns recently was in the heart of Bombay city where many women came forward to be sterilized in this quick, painless manner at a mass camp where three

women at a time were sterilized by three eminent surgeons free of cost. Instead of paying the doctors for their service, the women were each given Rs. 120 for getting themselves sterilized.

* * *

He jokes, sings, and mimics people to perfection. He loves people and music, and he has combined both to give himself an interesting career. When he was just 25, **Harry Morgan** sold one-dollar shares to 1,600 people and set up the Friendship Ambassadors Foundation, a non-profit cultural exchange organisation that takes the folk and ethnic songs of America all over the world. In less than two decades, 20,000 people have participated in its people-to-people programmes. Morgan has been to India 15 times. He admits that he almost feels a missionary zeal to take his amateur groups to the Communist bloc — the East European countries, China and the U.S.S.R. Having proved he is no C.I.A. agent, Morgan has been welcomed by all these countries. This time Morgan brought a young, fresh-faced teen group, the Westhill Chamber Singers, to India who won the hearts of reviewers and audiences alike.

UNKNOWN

The eclipse came with a great deal of excitement but went without making a great impact, except perhaps on two denizens of India. One was a hapless peacock in Bilaspur, part of a moving zoo, which looked at the sun through a hole in the tarpaulin sheet that covered its cage. It has not only gone blind but is lying in a coma. In happier circumstances, a baby boy was born during the eclipse to a proud father in Jammu, who has named his son Grahan Kumar.

Lakshmi Narayan

All your pet theories about grey hair and hair dyes, Godrej dismisses – with ease.

It's only natural to have grey hair

Of course it is. But it's un-natural to leave grey hair grey when Godrej makes hair dyeing as natural as shampooing your hair. And almost as easy.

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Grey hair might add that 'distinguished' look. But it also adds those years to your look. Ask your friend.

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Doesn't hair dyeing damage the hair?

Some old-fashioned hair dyes definitely might. That is why Godrej is differently formulated. It has a built-in hair conditioner that adds youthful body and bounce to your hair.

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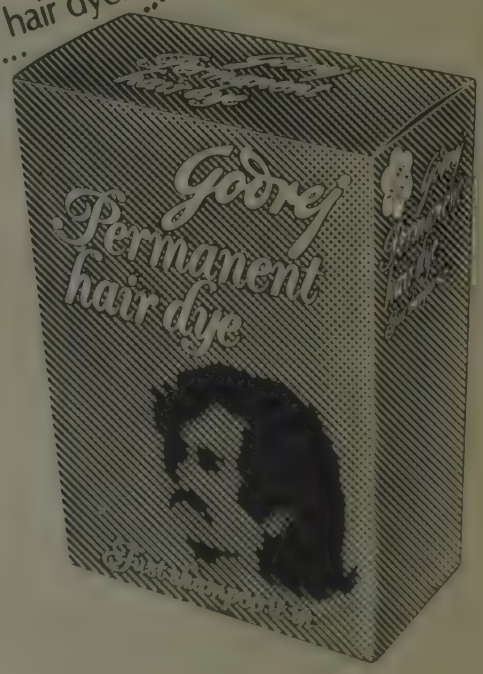

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THE LITTLE WOMAN
by Don Tobin
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
MABEL AND I ARE GOING ROLLER-SKATING - IT'S THE LATEST CRAZE!
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AT YOUR AGE IT'S THE LATEST INSANITY!
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SKATED, MABEL?
I THINK WHEN I WAS ABOUT TWELVE -
HOW ABOUT YOU?
I HAVEN'T SKATED SINCE I WAS TEN-
THAT'S BEEN A LONG TIME - DO YOU REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT IT?
ENOUGH -
9-16
THE LITTLE WOMAN

THAT'S A LAUGH!

A client was complaining to a marriage counsellor that his wife's immaturity was ruining their marriage.

"She's so immature," he charged, "that every time I take a bath she comes in and sinks my boats."

* * *

After the quarrel was over, the husband threatened his wife: "If you don't mend your ways, I'll kill myself."

She said: "Promises! All I ever get is promises."

* * *

"Will you donate something to the Old Ladies' Home?"

"With pleasure. Help yourself to my mother-in-law."

* * *

The young thing entered the greeting card store somewhat hesitantly. "Can I help you, miss?" asked the clerk.

"Well, yes," replied the girl. "Do you have any Father's Day cards that say, 'To whom it may concern?'"

She: "So you were hurt in the war. Where were you wounded?"

He: Lady, I was hit in the Dardanelles."

She (blushing): "My, how dreadful!"

* * *

Lady: "Have you ever been offered work?"

Tramp: "Only once, Madam. Other than that, I've met only with kindness."

* * *

He (with hands over her eyes): "If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."

She: "Jack Frost, Davy Jones, Santa Claus."

* * *

"Knock, knock."
"Who's there?"
"Max."
"Max who?"
"Max no difference — let me in."

* * *

On the first of every month when the bills fall due, there is no female as deadly as the mail.

* * *

Then there was the husband who called his wife Pegasus. You see Pegasus was an immortal steed and his wife was an everlasting nag.

A girl was introducing another girl, a newcomer, to her male colleagues. She said: "We have some occupational hazards here. I'll introduce you to some of them."

* * *

When a woman called her husband at the office and said that she would not be meeting him downtown as arranged, he turned to his secretary and said, "Well, that's a wait off my mind."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

PASSING THROUGH

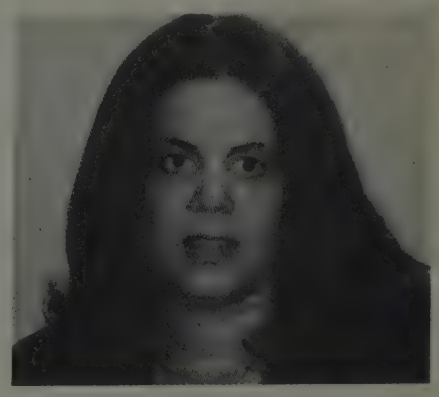
SUSAN HOLDEN

SELLING INDIA ABROAD

Susan Holden, President, Gilner International Travels Inc., California, was in India recently to explore the possibilities of organising group tours to India from the U.S.A. "I toured India like an ordinary tourist to get first hand experience of the country. I cannot sell a country unless I know it well myself and though I have been sending individuals to India, I have not sent any groups here so far," she said. "I have been greatly impressed by the pictorial beauty of the country and by the efficient arrangements made everywhere for the tourists.

"But there are two stumbling blocks. One is that India is too far from my side of the U.S.A. People with limited time cannot make this trip easily. Secondly, the service of Indian Airlines is very poor. There is no other way for tourists to go from one place to another quickly and comfortably and the Indian Airlines flights are often delayed and no one informs the tourists about the delay. Tourists who come from such long distances do not want to spend half of their time in India waiting at the airports."

Susan, who has been connected with the Hollywood film world on the production side since she began working, gave it up in favour of travel business, as she says that travelling all over the world has always fascinated her. "I got tired of my Hollywood job after a few years and was looking for something more adventurous where I could be my own boss and also have sufficient time to travel. There were so many countries I wanted to see. So one day I just decided to call the travel agency through



which I used to book seats for the film personalities, and asked them for a job," she said.

Susan got the job, but to reach her present position she had to work very hard and learn the basics of travel business. She cleaned the office, worked as a telephone girl, typist, and did various other errands for everyone in the agency. She also joined evening classes for traffic and ticketing, and within a short period of two years bought shares in the agency and became its major shareholder. "There is a kind of driving force within me. If I take up something, I feel that I must do well in it," she said.

Susan is also a CTC (Certified Travel Councillor), which is a very high and prestigious qualification in the travel world. It means that the person concerned has passed examinations in travel law, business management, and possesses a detailed knowledge of social and economic conditions and political geography of all the countries in the world. There are only about 2,000 CTC's in the whole world. "It normally takes people about four-and-half years to qualify for it. I qualified for it in 16 months."

Selling India to the common people in America, according to Susan is a difficult job. "One can overcome all problems, but it is very tough to combat the emotional fear Americans have of India. Common people there feel that they will not be able to bear the sight of masses of poverty-stricken people in this country. One can't tell them by advertisements or slide shows alone, that India has beautiful things to offer too."

Jyotsana Kapoor

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SOPHIA

Continued from Page 20

to school for a while. But I had also learned that in Hollywood I could not achieve for myself those goals as an actress which I aspired to. Parts for Italian women were infrequent and limited. If my career was to move forward, I knew that I would have to return to Europe, where I was more at home, and eventually to Italian productions in my own language.

From the start of our film, Cary sensed the change in me. We were not quite as easygoing with each other. Although we often had lunch together, and as always it was enjoyable, I suppose something had gone out of me, and Cary, who is very perceptive, sensed it.

It was not pleasant for me. I still had not delineated my boundaries, so that I spilled this way and that, seeking but not finding identity. All I had established were my negatives: I would not go on indefinitely in the awkward situation with Carlo; I would not give up my European roots and make a permanent home in Hollywood. But what **would** I do? What were my positives? These were the only two men I had ever had any interest in.

Towards the end of "Houseboat" the situation was finally resolved by a totally unexpected event. Carlo and I were staying in a bungalow on the grounds of the Bel-Air Hotel. We were at breakfast. I picked up the newspaper, which had been brought with the breakfast, and there, the lead item in Louella Parsons' column, was the news that changed my life. On the previous day, Louella reported, two Mexican lawyers had appeared in a courtroom in Juarez, and within ten minutes had wrought a couple of legal miracles. First they had obtained a decree, officially divorcing Carlo from his wife, and, immediately afterwards, with one lawyer standing in for me and the other for Carlo, they had exchanged marriage vows in a proxy ceremony performed by the judge. A marriage certificate had been issued. Sofia Scicolone of Pozzuoli was officially and finally married to Dr. Carlo Ponti of Milan.

I was stunned. It was scarcely the wedding I had dreamed of — two Mexican lawyers in a courtroom a thousand miles away pretending to be Carlo and me. But it was legal. We were man and wife. That was all that mattered. Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Ponti, not a fabrication for a hotel register, but the truth. We were. We really were.

Carlo came over and took the newspaper from me. He was as surprised at the announcement as I was. Of course, he had initiated the proceedings (after I had created our "crisis") but he had not expected anything so swift and final. He sat down beside me and took my hands in his, and he looked in my eyes and smiled at me — like a husband.

When I came on the set the following day, one look told me that Cary had read Louella's column. "I hope you will be very happy, Sophia," he said. Bravely, he kissed my cheeks. That's all he ever said about it, but finishing the picture with him was trying and upsetting.

One important scene remained to be filmed. Ironically, it was the climax of the film — my marriage to Cary — and it was precisely the wedding I had always dreamed of. A very unkind quirk of cinematic fate.

Seeing myself in a long white gown, a radiant bride, was a vision that went back to the darkest days of my girlhood in Pozzuoli. I used to cut bride pictures out of old magazines and paste them in my scrapbook. And now I was having that dreamed of wedding with Cary, only a few days after my marriage to Carlo. A long white gown of antique lace, high at the throat, trim buttoned bodice, a sheer veil held in place with a sprig of white flowers, a bouquet of white roses. Mendelssohn's wedding music, a flower girl and bridesmaids, and Cary Grant waiting at the altar with a white carnation in his buttonhole. It is at a moment like this that playing and real life touch each other and mingle...

From Chapter 10

* * *

My marital bliss was short-lived. Scarcely a month after our marriage, a thunderous pronouncement appeared in **L'Osservatore della Domenica,** the official paper of the Vatican. The article was written by a lawyer on the Vatican Rota, and although he did not mention me by name, he did identify the person involved as "a young, beautiful Italian film actress." The article stated:

"Civil divorce and a successive civil marriage are gravely illicit acts and have no judicial effect whatever before God and the Church. Those responsible are public sinners and may no longer receive the sacraments.

The code of canon law regards as bigamists those who contract a new marriage — even if only a civil one — although they are bound by a valid marriage. It punishes both parties with the penalty of infamy (a stigma attaching, in canon law, to the character of a person). If they set up life in common, this is termed concubinage and may be punished even with interdict and excommunication."

Reading those words, my insides turned to ice. I had been raised a Catholic, and even though I no longer went to mass or confession or communion, emotionally Catholicism was my heritage and excommunication was a chilling threat. Of course, from the Vatican point of view, the article was absolutely correct; what we had done was indeed contrary to the strict canons of the church. But this denouncement of us had been totally unexpected. Many Italian Catholics had procured divorces in Mexico and had remarried and were living their new lives in Italy without the church's molestation. But Carlo and I were the celebrity scapegoats whom they decided to hold up as examples. Public sinners, bigamists, infamy, stigma, concubinage, excommunication — what terrible words with which to be branded, what terrible scorn to heap upon us! Carlo and I had been happily planning a honeymoon voyage by sea back to Italy. Now we would have to forget all that. Italy was out of the question. My marriage, so long unresolved, was again unresolved. I hurled the Vatican newspaper to the floor and wept bitter tears.

Why persecute me for wanting to be married to the man I love, to have children with him, a home with him, a normal, fruitful life with him? Does that make me a public sinner? For that do I deserve to be subjected to the church's scorn? The more anger and hopelessness overcome me, the more I wept. That was the saddest day of my life.

Others quickly jumped on the Vatican doomwagon. The Italian Men's Catholic Action Organisation demanded that all Catholics avoid going to Sophia Loren movies — and asked that they pray for my soul. Newspapers all over Italy took up the hue and cry against us. A magazine ran an article that recalled, with some regret, that if Carlo and I had been living in the Middle Ages we would have been burned alive in the public square...

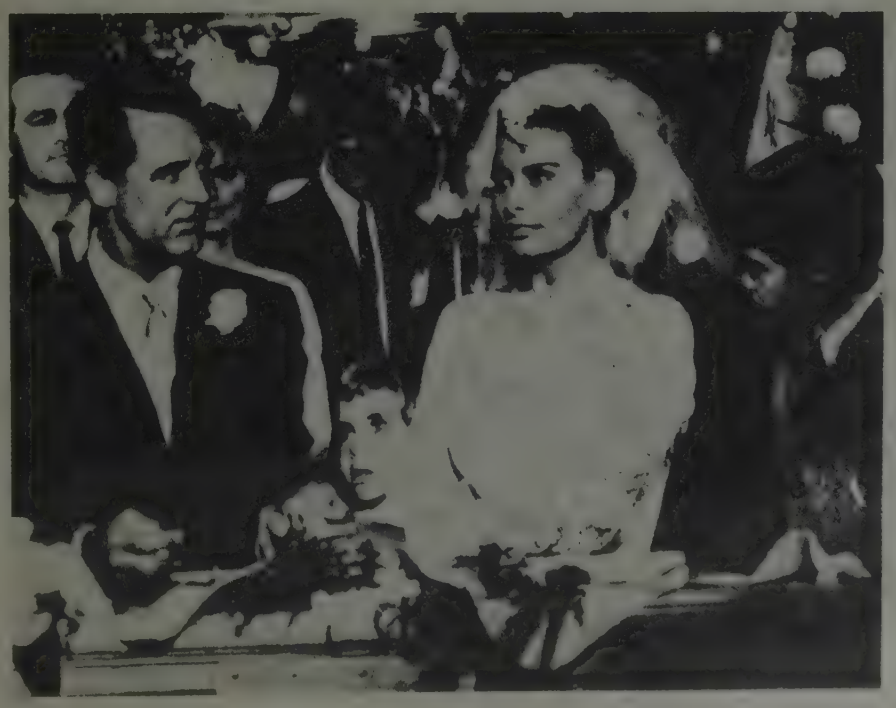
When Carlo returned to our Bel-Air Bungalow and found me in tears, he recated forcefully. This is Carlo's way; when strength is required, he is strong. "Now listen to me, Sophia," he said. "We are married, and we are going to stay married. If this Mexican marriage falls through, we'll find some other way. This is all just a dust storm that will blow over. We are the ones who are the victims of ignorance, and it is the ones who are denouncing us who lack morals. We are the moral ones. Whatever has to be done, we will do. You are my wife and nobody will ever change that, and that's all there is to it."

Carlo's words were great comfort but the situation was destined to get far worse.

From Chapter 11

To be continued

This marriage scene from "Houseboat" was as close to marrying Cary as Sophia ever got.



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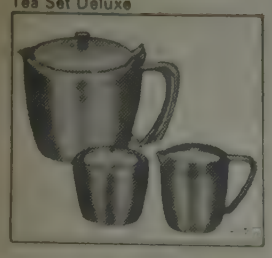

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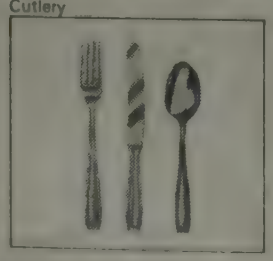

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HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMEN'S FASIONS

It is said that as soon as two females get together, the first thing they discuss is fashions. The second thing they discuss will be fashions too, but other people's! I wonder what the original naked inhabitants in this world talked about when they met, fashionwise I mean. At a quick guess I presume some conversations must have started somewhat like this: "I say Mario, what a walloping navel you have there!"

Today the race to be different in dress has taken a frightening turn. There was a time when men normally dressed in a dark grey or checked coat, a white shirt, and a pair of white flannel trousers with white shoes. That was during our time a well dressed man. We don't see them nowadays except a rare appearance at the Railway Travellers' Annual Ball or the Chapel Road Cross Feast May Day get-together. Today, trousers of the teenagers are large, upside down funnels that could easily help the wearer to smuggle a well trained Alsation or two.

There was a time when everyone was expected to go to work in a suit, and they did so. Then a bit of freedom crept in and the jacket stayed at home to appear only on Sundays. The tie fell off and the shoes marched off to make way for sandals. The relaxed clothes, as some like to call them, have brought in a relaxed atmosphere at work.

Women of course will go to any lengths to be original. My wife's dream dress for instance, is my nightmare. Some women, while choosing their evening dresses, go practically all out. Hers has caused me a financial blackout.

During my time I used to play tennis in trousers and ladies wore long dresses, so we only concentrated on the game. Then came Gussy Moran. One look at her lace painties and you wouldn't care if you lost your game.

Somebody tried the topless garment and failed. She not only chose the wrong time but forgot the bare essentials. First and foremost the wearer must be young and need no support. She must have a good figure or her attempt will go bust. A topless female must be selective in her dances. If she indulges in a normal ballroom dance, things would not be viewed so seriously. On the other hand, if she participated in the modern jive or twist or shake, she is likely to be throwing propriety to the winds.

I am of the opinion that tight jeans cause a lot of stress not only on the wearer but the viewer as well. I have seen males and females dressed in such tight jeans that they were unable to sit. And it had nothing to do with haemorrhoids.

Doctors believe that the heat caused by the wearing of tight trousers is likely to have a harmful effect on the lower part of the human body. Some say the heat generated by them can solve the energy problem. No wonder dancers in tight jeans swing longer than those in loose trousers.

I have always admired the kilt, and have wondered why men have not taken to this comfortable form of dress.

There's a theory about clothes. Some ladies wear clothes to feel good, others to make men feel good. Ladies' clothes are often an indication of what's going on in their minds. Take Diana for instance. She has less on her body than on her mind. Some women who keep things up by their will power should understand that man's will is not that strong.

What ladies must understand is that their being interested in clothes is not enough, they should be interesting in them.

And who says that tight clothes hamper circulation? The tighter the clothes, the more they circulate.

Until next time then.

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT CONTENTMENT

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world.

Joseph Addison

Nothing will content him who is not content with a little.

Greek Proverb

Be content with your lot; one cannot be first in everything.

Aesop

If you are foolish enough to be content, don't show it, but grumble along with the rest.

Jerome K. Jerome

Spontaneous joy and natural content.

W. B. Yeats

He who is contented is rich.

Laotse

Content may dwell in all stations. To be low, but above contempt, may be high enough to be happy.

Sir Thomas Browne

If you would know content, let your deeds be few.

Democritus

There seems to me very little ground for general contentment. I fear the contented man. I fear him, because there is no progress unless there is discontent.

John P. Marquand

You can't take a crash course in serenity.

Shirley Maclaine

It is right to be contented with what we have, never with what we are.

James Mackintosh

When we cannot find contentment in ourselves it is useless to seek it elsewhere.

La Rochefoucauld

The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment.

Joseph Addison

David Gunston

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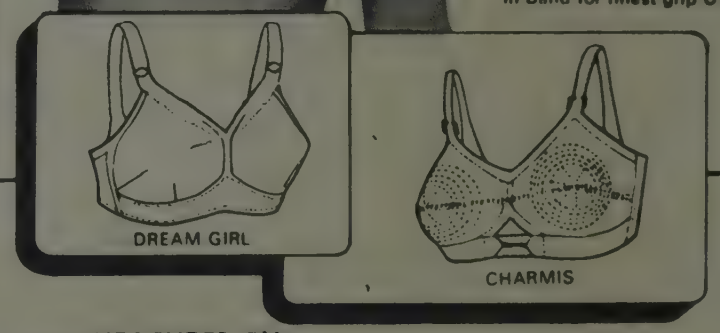

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IN MY OWN WRITE

Humour, the way it is.

IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE MEASLES

I went to see my doctor the other day.

She looked up at me coldly, fingering her stethoscope with obvious impatience and said, "Well? What is it this time — multiplé sclerosis of the little fingernail? Paralysis of the brain cells? Or just galloping hypochondria as usual?"

I looked hurt and said, "You don't understand me, doctor. It's this pain I have in my chest whenever I turn this way," and demonstrated what I meant. "It's a sharp twinge, like something's broken inside. What should I do about it?"

She said, "Stop twisting yourself like that or you'll break a rib. Next?"

"Then, I think I've developed a mild whooping cough" — here she started to snicker derisively — "because I wake up every morning with this terrible, soul-searing cough, which seems to rise up from deep, deep inside and I just cannot stop it and what worries me most is I think it keeps the neighbours awake. What should I do?"

She said, "Don't wake up. Next?"

I said, "Well, and there's this funny little ache in the middle of my back — you know, somewhere near my kidneys," and here I had to pause while she got over her fit of hysterical laughter and then continued, "and I'm frightened I might be developing stones or something. Is there something I should do to prevent it?"

"Sure," she said, "remove your kidneys and donate them to the World Wildlife Fund. Then you can spend the rest of your life and your money on dialysis and need never worry again about kidney stones. And now if you don't mind I have patients to attend to."

The fact is, she does not appreciate that I am not an ordinary hypochondriac. I am **not** worried about catching something; what does concern me is how, when there are so many diseases in the world, it is possible that I don't have any fatal symptoms. I mean, friends of mine have been able to catch anything from TB to jaundice and malaria with such casual ease, whereas I have to struggle before I can attract the attention of even so infectious a virus as the 'flu. One of my friends had chicken pox three times — once for each epidemic in school — whereas I had it exactly once, and then such a mild attack that no one knew for a week until a few scrawny poxes put in a belated appearance. When I had mumps everyone thought I had merely overeaten the night before, and when I had jaundice, they told me not to make a silly fuss about food, and for God's sake to take the yellow paint out of my eyes.

It's not that I like being sick, or that I expect to be fussed over — in fact quite the opposite. Because I had (and still have) the sort of mother who was a perfectionist and who absolutely forbade any illness in her family. She had an internal radar for sensing the slightest variation in temperature or white blood cell count. In case we had been so indiscreet as to catch something from our less fortunate comrades — a thorough fumigation being the standard entry regulation to our home — we were sent to bed with a scolding, a litre of cod-liver oil and the threat of enemas if we did not recover at once. If there was a virus doing the rounds of the neighbourhood we were the first to know of it and the last to catch it. And instead of bedtime stories, we were read select excerpts from Doctor Spock, the better to know our future symptoms.

With this background it is easy to understand my philosophy concerning disease: that I know the world is filled with deadly disorders; I know it is unlikely that I will not catch one of them; and that being the case, my motto is, Be Prepared! The Bacteria Cometh! !

A. Kaulumnisst

WATER: protect or perish

Syed Ikram Ali

A woman of Duddhi village in Mirzapur district was asked why she trudged a mile and a half to a dirty pond for water when there was a tap with protected water at her doorstep. "Because the tap water has family planning pills dissolved in it — I would not want to be sterile," she said.

A Patha villager from Banda district was asked why he did nothing to seal a leak in the pipeline (laid by the Government at a cost of Rs. 2 crores to provide drinking water to 250 villages). "It is for the Government to repair it, why should I do it?" he asked:

A leaky tap by the roadside needed only a 20-paise washer to set it right, but nobody in the entire locality served by the tap, thought of doing anything about it for a month!

Water is a scarce resource without which any life — human, animal or plant — is impossible. Yet our ignorance about it is matched only by the callousness with which we waste it and pollute it. The sacred Ganga at Kanpur, the lake at Nainital, the Hindon at Ghaziabad, the Gomti at Lucknow, are thoroughly polluted water sources, thanks to untreated municipal waste and factory effluents discharged into the streams.

Millions of children die every year in the world because they drink polluted water. Nearly 200,000 babies in India do not live to celebrate their first birthday because they are brought up on unsafe water. Almost a sixth of all children in the country die, before they are five, of enteric diseases, directly traceable to unclean water. This does not take into account deaths due to polio, typhoid or hepatitis which are also due to use of contaminated water.

More than 80 per cent of Indian children do not get any protected water supply. The number of problem villages — a mile or more away from the water source, where one has to climb up or down, where water is more than 50 feet below the surface — is about 80,000. It has been estimated that it would require Rs. 9,000 million to provide drinking water to all of them. The government proposes to complete the job during the current five-year-plan.

The government may do this, but the problems of keeping the source clean and maintaining it are stupendous. It requires a consciousness on the part of the users that it is in their own interest to maintain a clean water supply.

Not that it cannot be done. Bangladesh was in a similar quandary. But now the people there not only contribute to install a handpump in every village, they also undertake to maintain it. In India, what is known as the 3-tier maintenance system has just been tried out in Tirunelveli district of Tamil Nadu. It has been found preeminently successful.

Under the scheme, the village is asked to choose its own handpump caretaker, in consultation with the block or district officer. So selected, the young man is trained to look after the pump. He teaches his fellow-villagers how to use the pump, how to keep the pump's surroundings clean and how to prepare soakage pits. If the pump develops trouble, all that the caretaker has to do is to send a postcard — he has a supply of printed and stamped cards — to the block headquarters. The mechanic promptly arrives to repair it. If it is beyond the mechanic's capabilities, a mobile maintenance team is called from the district office. The breakdown rate of pumps has thus been brought down from 80 per cent to less than 10 per cent.

Water scarcity and pollution are global problems. The United Nations has decided to observe a decade from 1981 to overcome these. The objective is to provide fresh drinking water to every human being by 1990.

A national conference was held in Madurai for four days from 10 July 1979. Its theme: rejuvenating existing pumps and tube-wells and educating the people to take the responsibility of maintaining them in running condition. Fortunately, a handpump — India Mark II — has been developed which can give continuous service for 7,000 hours. The breakdown rate can thus be dramatically brought down.

The success of the U.N. Water Decade will depend on how soon the people can, in their enlightened self-interest, learn the relevance of clean water to their lives, especially to the lives of their children. Given this consciousness, they can certainly achieve greater competence in assuring safe water supply.

Courtesy: UNICEF Feature Service.

"SKY CHEF" FLIGHT KITCHEN

The Ambassador Hotel now has a microbiological laboratory for its flight kitchen in Bombay — the first of its kind ever installed in the annals of Indian flight kitchens. The main function of this laboratory is to check scientifically raw as well as cooked products. It will exercise control and guarantee hygiene so essential where thousands of meals are prepared, preset, packed, stored and lifted to the aircraft.

Headed by Mr. Gulshan Arora, the General Manager, this laboratory is fully equipped for its function and it works round the clock. This flight kitchen turns out nearly five to six thousand meals per day and caters to ten international airlines passing through the international airport of Bombay.

In the in-flight catering business ever since 1947, the main aim of the Ambassador Hotel is to offer passengers the most hygienic meals. So, the next time you travel in any of the international airlines catered by the Ambassador's Sky Chef, you can be sure that the food is absolutely hygienic and safe!

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 14

are two sides to a personality — one inside and another outside," she explains. "But one rarely gets to see the truth within for the personality presented to the world at large is a totally false one, put on to fool others for various reasons."

Jealousy, greed, love, hate, joy or sorrow are all hidden deep inside, most of the time. They are only visible in occasional flashes, but for the better part of one's life the emotions are kept in check.

In every painting there is a glimpse of the exterior, an open window, a wide verandah, a sense of freedom and release. Interestingly enough, in one of her paintings entitled 'Nostalgia', there is a figure standing outside and peering into a room, where, on a table, stands the framed picture of an elderly couple.

The painting effectively conveys the idea that though we may grow up and strive to be free and independent there is a nagging, unbreakable bond that keeps us securely tied to the past — a bond that keeps pulling us back to past memories, past relationships and past events.

Lalitha now teaches at the Fort Convent — the Convent of Jesus and Mary. She has acquired a Master's degree in teaching Art and she finds teaching children involves two way communication.

Lalitha has had a solo exhibition in Seattle, U:S.A, in '76, two private showings in Boston and Los Angeles, one show of her etchings in Max Mueller Bhavan, Calcutta in 78. In '76 she also participated in the Pugwash Society Exhibition, Madras, Inter Graffika, Berlin (Etchings) and the National Exhibition, New Delhi. More recently in '78 she has had solo exhibitions of her etchings in Bombay and in Hagen Germany, and will be participating in the Intergraffiks Berlin, 1980.

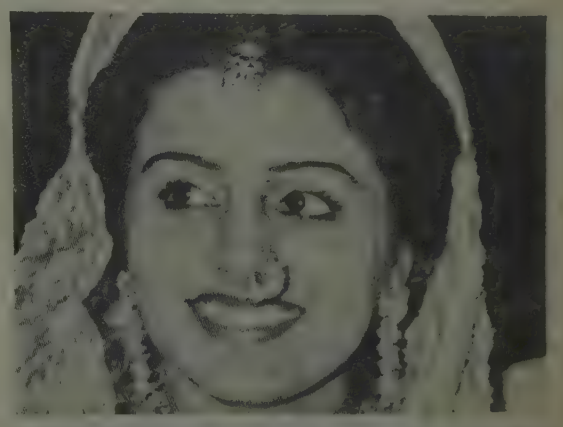
The paintings reproduced on page 14 are representative of her prsent work. In 'Reflection' she brings out the latent narcissism in each person. In 'Confrontation' we have two women who seem to be in conversation yet there is a palpable wall, a barrier between the two and each one appears to be caught in her own emotional mesh, unable to communicate with or understand the other. In the picture of a man and woman, Lalitha portrays the basic relationship that brings the sexes together and yet even in those moments when the two are in closest union there is some part of the individual which remains alienated and alone.

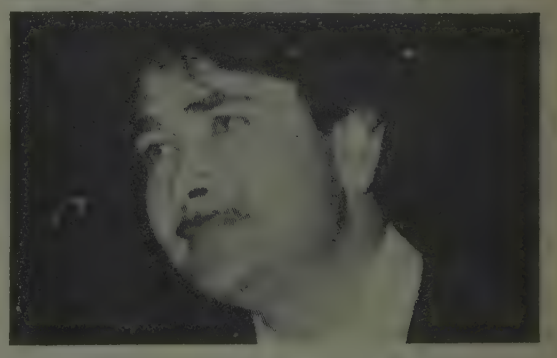
As a painter, Lalitha cannot be ignored or overlooked. As Dyaneshwar Nadkarni wrote, "(She) succeeds in making a disturbing statement. Probably that is the major quality of these paintings: a fine balance between a feeling of stillness and a psychological turbulence emanating from the human and swamping, it seems, the inanimate props around." The lack of expression on the stereotyped faces and bodies only go to heighten the emotional impact. And these are basically emotional paintings.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

HONEYMOON OVER, BABY ON THE WAY





El-Taj, the Khandala hotel, was rather is, a favourite spot of Rajesh Khanna; so much so that when life with Anju became unbearable, he retained the hotel but changed the girl. Chintu, after ditching two girls, his Parsee girl friend and Dimple, retained the girl, Neetu, married her, but decided to change the locale. But in phoren land Indian stars cannot get their daily quota of adulation, frenzied mobs, etc. Neither are Chintu and Neetu the tourist's delight. So, when they cut short their honeymoon, I thought they had bored each other out, or Chintu wants to declare cold war against Bunty. But the reason was Neetu could no longer retain the secret of the heir apparent. She was vomiting all over the place. The first thing Mrs. Rishi Kapoor did after landing in Bombay was to ring up whomsoever she could and gush, "Oh, I am going to have a baby."

And poor Dabboo watches this extra affection towards Chintu and says, "After all I was married too, yaar, and no one recorded my heartbeats, and there were no telephonic conversations between my mama and Bab's mama, and well, my wife was pregnant, too. I mean, I have a baby girl."

Now I suppose Dabboo will realise that like his father Raj, it is horrible to be the eldest, also that the star system exhibits even at home and that Raj, apart from being a father, is a producer-director, too.

Astrologers predict marriage for Zeenat with a mature, kind man. They forgot he could be a millionaire, too. There are reports of entangled nerves in a top industrialist's house. Zeenat is reported to have had two sneak holidays in London and in Jakarta with this sauve industrialist. The rumour was, when the industrialist saw "This Indian film, Satyam something," he had an instant desire to drape her in metresful of cloth.

★ ★ ★

A few months ago Kamleshwar declared he does not need to jump into star beds to satisfy his ego and that he does not have star craze, etc. I agree, for he bypassed Asha Sachdev like she was a cauliflower bouquet, but almost tripped over her sister, freshly divorced Reshma. Besides being his secretary, Kamaleshwar is trying to make her a T.V. star. He has to try really hard, for she does not go beyond fluttering her eyelashes and interviewing children in "Parikrama" saying, "Aao baccho, tum zindagi me kya banoge?"

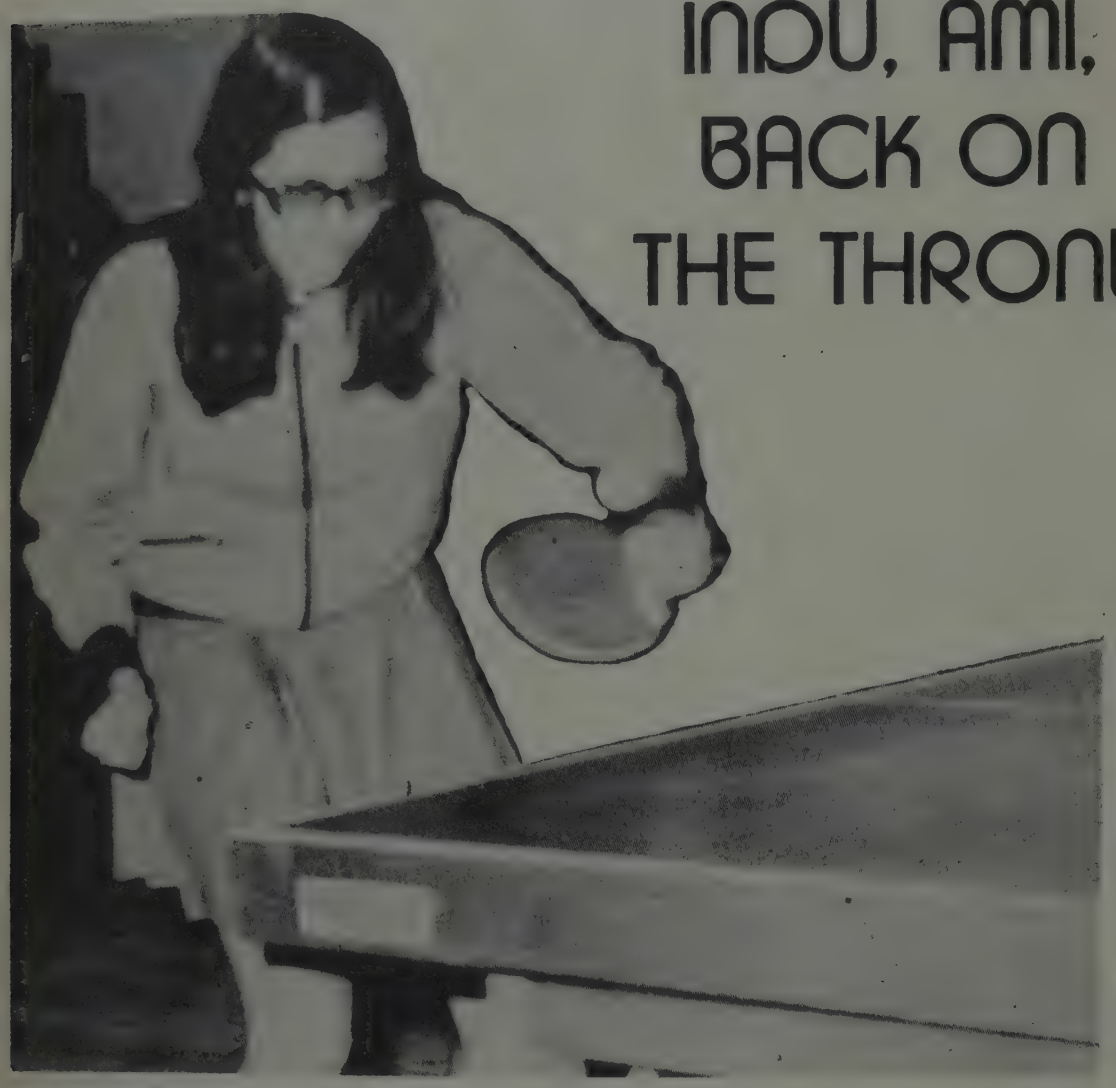
★ ★ ★

After pleasure Sanjay Khan has made a beeline for power. I saw him glued to Mr. Vasant Sathe, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting. He even laughed and clapped during Mr. Sathe's speech which was neither funny nor convincing.

WOMEN IN SPORT

Our sportswomen need and deserve more attention and encouragement than they get. We do our bit on this page.

INDU, AMI, BACK ON THE THRONE



The cool and pleasant clime of February and early March provided both the ideal time and the inducement for plenty of activity on the sporting scene. Most of the Nationals were conducted during this time, and with the Moscow Olympics fast approaching, a sharp eye was kept on the key performers. It was a period that saw the return to the very top of two former national champions — Indu Puri once again ascended the table tennis throne she had surrendered to Shailaja Salokhe three years ago, while the frail Ami Ghia was untroubled while recapturing the national badminton title she had lost to Kanwal Thakur Singh two years ago.

No two women have done so much for Indian table tennis in recent years as have Shailaja and Indu. Kaity Chargeman in her salad days may have been a marginally better player than either, but she had no foil worth the name to sharpen her game against in India, and no help in the team championships at the world events. Shailaja and Indu, on the other hand, formed an ideal twosome — Indu with her left-handed relentless attack, and Shaila with the watertight looped defence.

Indu had beaten the reigning world champion Park Yun Sun in the 1979 World Championships. Park, it will be remembered, was the defending champion, having won the previous two world championships in 1977 and 1979. Apart from the Korean, Indu had also humbled the reigning Commonwealth champion from Hong Kong. Shailaja had weighed in with a remarkable victory over Pak Young Ok of Korea in the team event. Pak was to go on in the individual event to reach the finals of the singles, before bowing out to the ultimate winner from China.

It was only due to the efforts of Shaila and Indu that India had topped Category Two in the team event in the 1979 Championships, and thereby earned promotion to the prestigious Category One, comprising the world's top sixteen teams, for the next world event in 1981. It was a feat that far bettered the performance of the Indian men. The Nationals at Durgapur showed the two girls once again in their element; and so marked was their superiority over the others in the fray that it now becomes an alarming question as to who will take over the country's mantle once these two retire. After all, Shailaja is now 31, and cannot be expected to last much longer in competitive table tennis, especially at world level. Indu, at 26, is also no longer in her first fine flush of youth!

On their way to their expected clash in the finals, the two contemptuously brushed aside the challenge provided by the others. Bombay's Vyoma Shah, of whom much was expected after some sterling performances last season, had a poor 1979-80 season, and could not make much impression. The other brilliant youngster, who had promised much as a junior two years ago, Geeti Thadani, also proved something of a letdown. From the old guard, the India No. 3, Kashmira Patel of Bombay, does well at all other tournaments except the Nationals, which seems a jinxed event for her! Nandini Kulkarni, Kiran Wardekar-Singh, Kalavati Seetharam played as well as they were allowed to, but did not at any stage appear capable of threatening the top two.

And so it was that the two arch rivals faced each other across the table on the final day. Shaila, who plays with an odd bat, with rubber for the forehand and an "inverted sandwich" for the backhand that enables her to lash out suddenly at the high ball on her backhand, had won the 1976-77 and '78-79 Nationals (the event was abandoned in the intermediate year at Vallabh Vidyanagar), mainly on her proficiency of playing under the expedite rule. Indu had put her looped drives on both flanks to best use when she had won the Nationals for the first time way back in 1972. She had repeated her victory in 1975 at Jaipur.

LEFT: Indu Puri — left-handed relentless attacks.

BELOW: Ami Ghia, (left) tossing for service.

The high drama that was present at the table tennis final was almost totally absent from the badminton Nationals at Jamshedpur. Reigning champion for the last two years, Kanwal Thakur Singh of Chandigarh, reported unwell, and did not make the trip. The Punjabi girl has been having an unhappy season, troubled constantly by injury or illness; and would in any case have started the underdog against the four-times former winner Ami Ghia, who had come to Jamshedpur well trained and determined.

Ami, whose string of successes began with the 1973 Nationals, held the crown for four successive years after the fade-out of Shobha Moorthy.

In the absence of the fleet-footed reigning champion, Ami was confidence personified, except during the closing stages of the final, when nerves almost made her concede the second game of the final to Hufrish Nariman of the Universities. Ami was tactically so much superior to Hufrish that it came as a surprise when she allowed the latter to edge her way up in the second game, after totally out manoeuvring her in the opening stanza. Hufrish's major feature is her steadiness and accuracy, and she had nothing to lose. Ami, however, tightened up in the last two points, and managed to win the final in straight games.

The performance of Ameeta Kulkarni of Bombay came as something of a disappointment. Many expected the 18-year-old collegian to do well, especially in view of the fact that she was extremely fit and is one of the hardest hitters of the bird among the Indian girls. However, she fell tamely to Ami in the semi-finals.

Among the others, young Madhumita Goswami of the Railways and Bengal, continued on her wayward ways, producing flashes of sheer brilliance, and periods of the utmost prodigality. Radhika Bose, the mercurial 16-year-old, who had won five titles at the Maharashtra State Championships at Nanded to set up a record, stayed away from the Nationals because of examinations — bravo! Her absence was felt in both singles and doubles. Sujata Jain of Bombay, a former national junior champion, returned to the top with a bang after a couple of years in relative wilderness. She was the only woman player to take a game off Ami (in the team championships), though Ami literally steam-rolled her when the two clashed again in the individual event.

The four semi-finalists — Ami, Hufrish, Ameeta and Vandana — were selected by the Badminton Association of India to form the team that would represent India at the All-England Championships, considered the unofficial world championships. The Championships will have been over even as this appears in print, but I venture to predict that even though this is the largest Indian contingent to go to the All-England, there is unlikely to be any significant victory. Our women are yet to pick up both the strength and the speed to be hopeful of making a dent on the international scene.

* * *

The tiny Southern state of Kerala has been producing athletic champions both among men and women, with almost monotonous regularity. The 1980 Nationals (Inter-State Meet) at the Nehru Stadium, Hissar, a sleepy little town in Haryana, ended in yet another blaze of glory for Kerala, as they walked away with the overall championship for the third time in a row.

Of the two national records that had to be re-written, one was among the women. Haryana's debutante stayer, Jagwanti Ahlawat, torpedoed the 3000 metres national mark set by Mary Thomas last year by a clear 10.4 seconds. It was amazing that despite this performance, Jagwanti could not find a place in the athletics squad that will have participated in the Pakistan National Games in Karachi, as this appears in print. The reason given was that Jagwanti would not have been able to match the speed of the Chinese athletes who were also due to compete in the Pakistan Games. This is the way we encourage our sportswomen!

Equally inexplicable was the harsh treatment meted out to India's fastest woman, Rita Sen of Bengal, who won the 100 metres dash by a whisker from the fast-improving P.T. Usha of Kerala. Though she pulled a muscle during this event, Rita was going to go ahead and compete in the 200 metres dash as well. Her coach, Kamaljit Sandhu (one of India's most famous middle distance runners) advised her not to run, and assured her that her performance was good enough to make her certain of being included in the squad for Karachi. But when the names were announced (though scribes had been informed earlier that a list of 35 probables would be drawn up for a training camp, on the last day, a typewritten list of 24 names including six stand-byes was handed over to the press), Rita's name was conspicuous by its absence. As she sobbed at the station, her husband reiterated that had she gone all out in the 200 metres, she would have at least had the consolation of having tried and failed.

What was Rita's loss was Usha's gain. The slim 15-year-old athlete from Kerala is one to watch for the future. She was far, far above the standard in her age group, and smashed three meet records in the Under-16 category. With Angel Mary Joseph turning in her expected good performances in the long jump and the steeplechase, Kerala did not have to worry about Punjab's Geeta Zutshi's good form in the middle distance events upsetting their applecart.

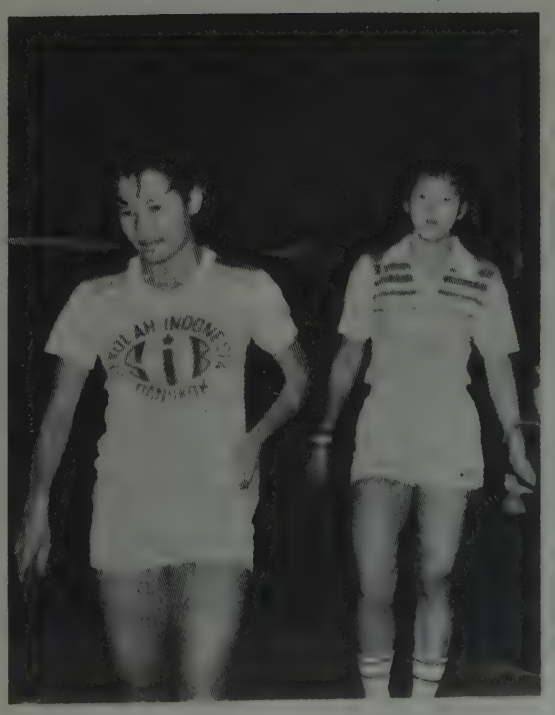
* * *

By scoring a hard-earned two-one victory over the visiting Russian team, the Indian girls won the seven-Test hockey series by a 3-1 margin, with the last "Test" at Amritsar being cancelled at the last moment. The Soviet team had undertaken this tour as part of their wind-up for the forthcoming July Olympics, and claimed to have profited immensely from it. But those who wached all the matches felt that the Indian team too had improved as the series ran its course.

The almost masculine power of Rupa Saini in the penalty-corner hits had a lot to do with India's victory. Rupa has become the female counterpart of India's corner specialist Surjit Singh. Good goalkeeping by Razia Zaidi was another feature of the Indian performance. Some scribes who watched the series mentioned that the umpiring was often blatantly in favour of the home team. Our umpires in quite a few sports are earning themselves a poor international image; and it is apparent that we are moving towards an era when umpires from a neutral country will have to be called in to supervise important international matches.

Shirish Nadkarni

INTERNATIONAL SPORTSWOMAN OF THE MONTH



Lee Ing Hoa Ivana (Front) of Indonesia, walking off the court at the conclusion of her match against her partner Tjan So Gwan.

The vote this month goes to the diminutive Indonesian shuttler, Lee Ing Hoa Ivana, who had thrilled Indian crowds towards the fag end of 1979 by her superb skill and excellent court manners, when the Indonesian team participated in the series of five badminton internationals in the country. Ivana, despite her lack of reach, used very good courtcraft to topple twice-world champion Lene Koppen of Denmark in the Danish Open Championships in front of Lene's home crowds in Copenhagen. The taller, fleet-footed Dane, who will be the defending champion at the All-England Championships in London this year, had no answer to Ivana's precision drops and sideline smashes.

Ivana was beaten in the finals by Japan's Yoshiko Yonekura, who is one of the top four seeds at the All-England. Ivana was obviously a little stiff after the gruelling semi-final against the world champion. The little Indonesian will be the cynosure of all eyes at Wembley, being the most dangerous outsider in the draw. There is also little doubt that she will win the world title in the none too distant future.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The President and Committee members of the Sogetsu School, Bombay, celebrated their gol den jubilee year with an exhibition of Ikebana, held at C. J. Hall. Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, inaugurated the exhibition and Mr. S. Horino, Consul General of Japan, Bombay, presided over the function. The proceeds of the show will be given to "Ashadan", a home for destitutes, founded by Mother Teresa in Maharashtra.

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The Citizen's Action Group plans to set up a Central Committee for "Keep Bombay Clean" for the year April 1, '80 to March 31, 1981. The Central Committee will have 30 members, one each from all the suburbs of the city. Each member of the Central Committee will prepare and implement action programmes to improve cleanliness in their areas. The programme includes students' rallies, a poster competition, exhibitions, propaganda and meetings.

CAG requests the cleanliness conscious Bombayites to come forward from respective areas to become members of the Committee. For further information kindly write to, or contact Mr. Bhanu Kamdar, at 453/57, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay-400002 — on phone no: 252017 between 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. and on 682168 between 8.00 p.m. to 10.00 p.m.

The Central Committee will start functioning by May 1, 1980. The first meeting of the Central Committee will be held on Sunday, March 23, 1980, probably in English High School, Dadar.

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Following the success of her recent exhibition, young and talented designer, Radhika Malhotra is once again displaying her unique range of children's fashions. Radhika has designed her clothes primarily from the point of utility and comfort in a variety of colours and materials. The exhibition will be held at Cymroza Art Gallery, Bhulabhai D. Road, from April 3rd-5th.

• • •

The International Tourism Council recently organised a Conference on "Socio-Economic Aspects Of Tourism" jointly with Air India and Travel Agents' Association of India. It was attended by over 300 delegates and invitees from different walks of tourist interests, at the Air India Auditorium. The two business sessions of the Conference on the Economic and Social aspects of tourism were chaired by Dr. I. G. Patel, Governor of the Reserve Bank of India, and Mr. H. H. Ismail respectively. Mr. J. R. D. Tata attended the conference as a special invitee.

The conference was inaugurated by the Governor, Mr. Sadiq Ali, and the keynote address was delivered by Mr. J. B. Patnaik, Union Minister for Tourism. Mr. Homi Taleyarkhan, President of the Council, welcomed the guests.

Dr. I. G. Patel assured that the Reserve Bank will always be ready to extend the maximum assistance for the promotion of tourism in this country. At the end of the inaugural function there was an excellent audio-visual presentation shown for the first time in India on tourist attractions in western and southern India.

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"Daffodils" held an exhibition-cum-sale of sarees and dresses at Vijay Mahal, Churchgate. Mrs. Nargis Dutt was the chief guest.

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1. Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, was the chief guest at the Ikebana exhibition held by the Sogetsu School, Bombay. Also seen are (from left) Mrs. S. Horino, Mr. S. Horino, Consul-General of Japan, Saira Banu, and Mrs. Leela Raj Kumar.

2. Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra, delivers the inaugural address at the International Tourism Council Conference held in Bombay recently. Also seen are (from left) Mrs. P. F. Dotivala; Mr. H. H. Ismail, Dr. I. G. Patel; Mr. Homi Taleyarkhan and Mr. J. R. D. Tata.

3. Padmini Natarajan gave a Bharata Natyam performance at Asthika Samaj, Bombay, in connection with the Ram Navami festival celebrated by the Samaj from March 6 to 25. Flanking her are Prof. Kadir Velu (left) and Mr. Natarajan.

DELHI

About 300 women, mainly university students, took out a protest procession against "Rape" and "Exploitation of women." The procession terminated in a meeting outside the Townhall where a number of speakers criticised the recent Supreme Court Judgement acquitting two policemen of the charge of raping a 15-year-old girl, Mathura. The students demanded the reopening of the Mathura case, change in rape laws, recruitment of more women in the police force and steps to ensure that detention of women at the police station must be in the presence of a woman police officer.

MADRAS

The tenth Charter anniversary of the Madras Ladies Circle No. 4 was celebrated in a fitting manner at the residence of Mrs. Dolly Malhotra. Mrs. Lily Thomas, National President, Y.W.C.A. was the chief guest. It was a get-together as well, for the Circlers who had either left the fold, or who had served as chairmen in the past ten years.

In her welcome speech, Circler Sunitha Shahani outlined the activities of the Circle. An interesting item of entertainment was presented by Cathy Spagnioli — a song and dance programme of the history of American women.

* * *

The programme committee of the Y.W.C.A. under the chairmanship of Zainab Kanchwala organised a Mughal Nite at the Y.W.C.A. An American auction conducted by Mr. Asgar Ali Dhala evoked much interest. Mr. Poornachandra sang a few ghazals which were highly appreciated. Assisting Zainab were Mrs. Zubeida Asgar Ali, Bibi Shoostry, Molly Joseph and others. Mrs. Sarah Chanda, President of the Y.W.C.A. gave away the prizes

LUCKNOW

The RDSO Women's Organisation, Lucknow, organised a comprehensive programme to supply tonics to the undernourished children of the RDSO employees, each month. Included in these welfare activities and spotlighting attention on healthy children, a baby show was also organised at which prizes were distributed by Mrs. B. Mohanty, President of the Organisation.

* * *

The Officer's Wives' Association of the Geological Survey of India organised its first cultural function at Ravindralaya. A series of entertaining items were put up, including folk songs, skits, bhajans and plays, as well as a parody on GSI family life. Mrs. Raina, President, delivered the welcome address.

CHANDIGARH

The DAV College and Sanatan Dharam College, Chandigarh, the Government Ranbir College of Sangrur, and Sanatam Dharam College of Barnala were awarded the Mehboob Khan Memorial All India Award for their one act plays — "Nayak Katha" (Hindi), "Kursi Naach Nachaye Re" (Hindi), "Man Bhi Jao" (Hindi) and "Loe Pattan Ton Pehlan" (Punjabi), for the year 1979-80 at the Annual Balraj Sahni Memorial All India Cultural Meet which concluded here at the Tagore Theatre recently, under the auspices of the All India Artists Association, Simla, headed by renowned Hindi stage actor Mr. Sudershan Gour.

Lala Jagat Narain, the oldest journalist, and founder and editor of the Urdu daily, "Hind Samachar," Jullundur, presided over the function.

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4. Mrs. Chauhan, wife of Air Marshal B. W. Chauhan, A.O.C. -in-C, Training Command, IAF, is being welcomed at a cookery competition held in Hyderabad.

5. At the Kuwait National Day celebrations held at Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay are seen (from left) Mrs. Rolf Gerber; Mr. Rolf Gerber, Consul-General, Switzerland, Mrs. F. Yousuf; Mrs. R. Gandhi, Mr. Faisal Yousuf, Consul-General, Kuwait, and Mr. R. K. Gandhi, ex-Vice Admiral.

6. Mrs. Lily Thomas, President, YWCA, seen with members of the Madras Ladies Circle No. 4 at their tenth anniversary celebrations held in the city recently.

7. At the Sarojini Naidu centenary celebrations held in Delhi by the All-India Women's Council are seen (from left) Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Mrs. S. Yadav, Mrs. J. R. Ram, Dr. (Mrs.) P. Kapoor, Mrs. D. Sen Gupta, Mrs. K. Mankekar and Dr. (Mrs.) K. L. Raghuramaiah.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK March 30 — April 5, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

You'll be on the move more than usual in 1980/81 — some planned, others taken on the spur of the moment or due to changing conditions. Your love life and, if married, relationships with youngsters in the family will be happy. Moneywise good fortune for most of the year and you make headway in your ambitions. As you enter November, develop a thrifty policy, for a financial squeeze is possible late 1980/early 1981. You may stretch yourself to the limit in order to secure future stability — buying a home, for instance — but you win through, but luxuries, gambling and so on could put you in the red. So the first half of your birthday year will favour you, but in the second half, skilful planning is necessary.

ARIES
(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

You will live life to the full, enjoy yourself. You will also accomplish something worthwhile. An exciting week for romance, social activity, promising meetings. Youngsters and outdoor sports will be lucky for you.

TAURUS
(Apr 21 — May 21)

Life continues to be progressive and amusing. Working life is favoured and your special ambitions will get a push. An improvement in your financial position is on the way.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

You will be looking and feeling great. Both business and personal affairs are aided by the stars over the next month or two. A romantic and sociable time ahead, and career ambitions move forward. Get things moving, explore fresh avenues.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Things are going your way and your optimism is justified. Planets help your more worldly ambitions. Business plans should move forward soon, cash prospects improve.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

Act quickly if a new opening occurs or you get some workable ideas. Your intuition guides you when in doubt. Get your priorities right when allotting your time, accepting new commitments, but don't cut down on the lighter side of life; romance is in the air!

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Extra energy enables you to sail through tasks and to rouse your enthusiasm, but don't rely too much on the co-operation of others. In any case, it will be necessary not only to organise well, but to double-check arrangements.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Enlarge your circle of friends, involve yourself in local clubs, fresh activities and interests. The next few weeks will be busier than usual, so it's a time for planning, rather than for acting. Encourage your partner's ambitions.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Venus, in opposition to your sign, has probably brought minor irritations into your life, but problems in romance and money matters end as Venus changes position at the end of this week. Take steps to end disagreements, and start getting around in your social life.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

If you want to buy a few things do so early in the week or try to do without for a time as the remainder of April is not lucky for you. Also, you must allow for some outgoings you haven't perhaps expected quite so soon.

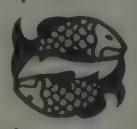
CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

This week the accent is on family affairs and finances, a good time for home improvements, buying domestic equipment, assessing things, generally. A relative of about your own age will be in the picture in a helpful way.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

You won't be able to go your own way without some fights so pad along with the wishes of your partner and other people close to you because they have the best ideas at present. Nervous tension could be a problem unless you relax.

PISCES
(Feb 20 — Mar 21)



Don't take undue risks in any direction, especially financially, but the new will be better than the old if you are faced with two courses of action. Your life's pattern is adjusting itself so to cling to the past would be a mistake.

DEVELOPING CREATIVITY IN CHILDREN

Continued from page 37

Children, in fact, are very sensitive to such experiences, and learning is nothing but experiencing. We adults at times are unable to comprehend this kind of "experiencing" of the child. For instance, we tend to discourage the primary drawings of the child which consist of lines and circles drawn haphazardly on paper without any particular conventional form. Only if the child tells a story in narrative order, or recites a poem as given in the text, or if he can count 1 to 100 and rattle off A to Z in one breath, do parents think that the child is learning. This is because the parents fail to understand that the yardstick for measuring a child's progress is not the same as measuring an adult's.

When applied particularly to learning the art of drawing, the conventional idea is that imitating exactly a given object is the ultimate perfection in art. The stereotyped picture of a "scene" given to children in school is the inevitable cluster of triangular objects called mountains, a pair of crossed coconut trees, the black dots that constitute flying birds and the coiling river in the background. The child becomes so conditioned to this picture that he is sure that a mountain is always triangular in shape and so loses his creative elan.

Allow children to grow out of these conventional concepts. Beyond these boundaries lies the area that is a challenge for the child's creativity.

Presiding over a prize distribution function is something that Mr. Chinchalkar always refuses. "By selecting a prize winner in a drawing competition, I feel I am curbing the growth of the non-prize winning children. In showing them that their art is inferior to the prize winner, I am guilty of killing so many potential artists. During such competitions, I sincerely advise that all the child participants must get a prize because such small prizes are the only incentives that young ones need."

Just as we complete the broken statues of Ellora and Ajanta by our imagination, similarly let the child's mind have an unrestricted flight of imagination so that he can create better form of art. Nurture his imaginative power by freeing him from the bonds of conventional art and allow him to bloom in his natural way.

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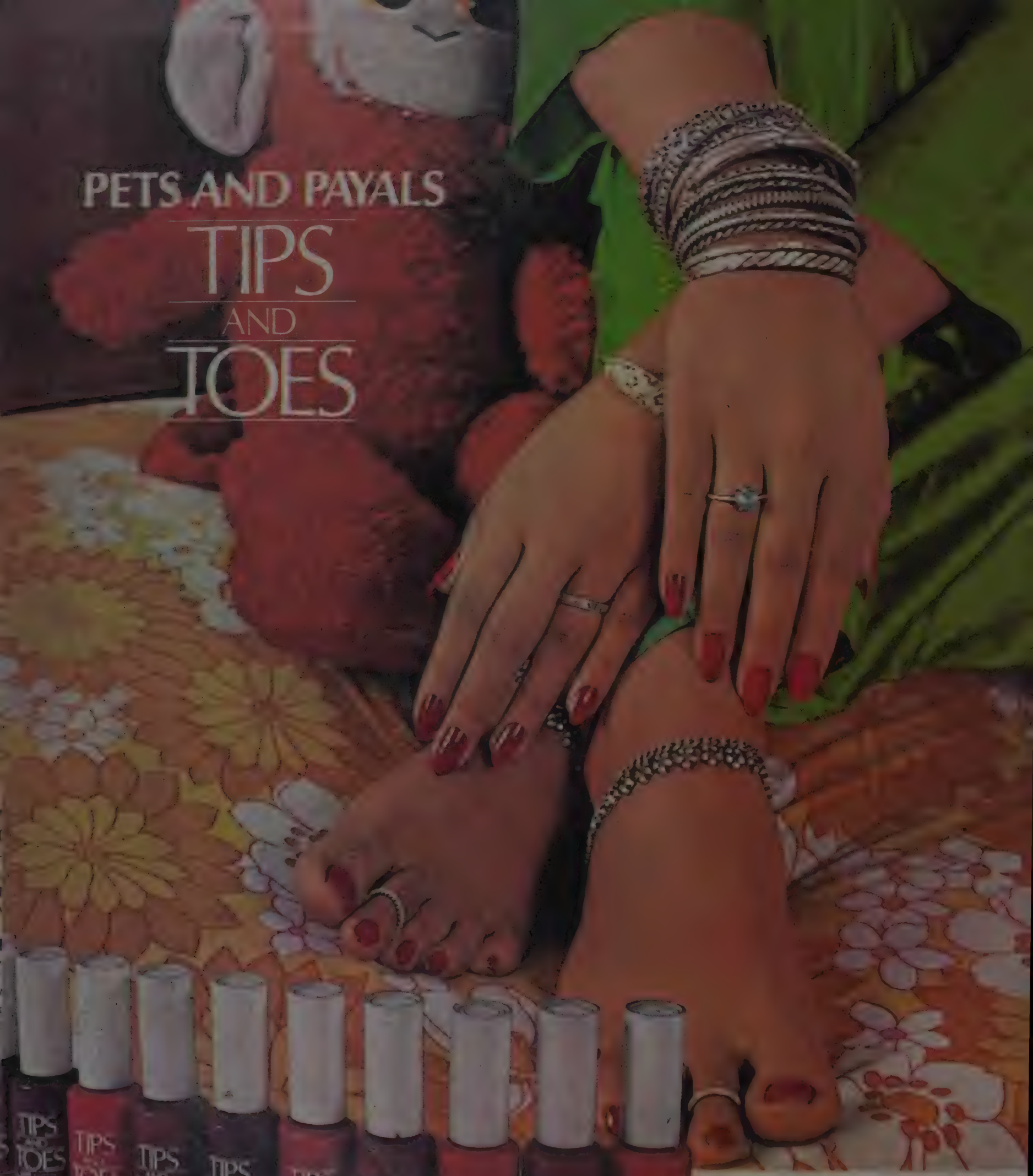
PETS AND PAYALS

TIPS AND TOES



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